THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXI. No. 229. MARCH, 1920.

From a portrait by Charlotte Fairchild.

MAXINE ELLIOTT

Who appeared recently at the theatre which bears her name in William Hurlbut's comedy "Trimmed in Scarlet" and convinced theatregoers that she is as radiantly beautiful as ever

THE HUMOR OF GILBERT AND SHAW

One satirist sees life with a twinkle; the other, beard bristling, challenges the world

By FRANK MOULAN

IS it Gilbert's satire that survives, or is it Gilbert's sense of bubbling humor; and by the same token, is it Shaw's satire, or his humor, that holds us?

The text is impressive enough for any writer, which I am not, but a new part to an actor is a new adventure, and therefore, in preparing this article, it is like tackling a new part, for the work of an actor is not the work of the writer. If an actor has retained, after playing many parts, that stimulating element of his being, the artistic thrill, each adventure is a stepping-stone to the actor's great temptation—Success. Obviously, he must be akin with the intellectuality of his author, unless the author fails him, in which case the actor rarely gets the credit that he should. Writers and actors are very often brothers in their transfusion of ideas, though they abuse each other roundly, as brothers will sometimes. It is worth noting that authors rarely quarrel among themselves, perhaps because writing is not a quarrelsome occupation. They are, by virtue of the recording features of their lives, in the seats of the mighty, where the pen is poised with its sharp point, an instrument of final judgment.

My adventures as an actor have led me into strange and difficult places. I have been torn asunder in many parts, but they have all been in one direction, the rôle of the jester. I have been entrusted with the not inconsiderable responsibility of the comedian. Making laughs is an old, old science in literature, politics and the stage, influential in all cases to a very great degree in the happiness of others. At least, that is the fundamental object of the science, though it has its failures. W. S. Gilbert discovered this, opportunely to my mind.

ONCE upon a time, all actors were called comedians, that was before the world found out that some actors deserved the title better than some others. Tragedy, satire, sentiment, fancy, were all classed as amusement, and of course, the actors in them were, in that sense, comedians. Gradually, people began to distinguish between the actors that made them cry, and the actors who made them laugh, and actors were divided into strolling bands of tragedians and comedians. Some tragedians were funnier than they meant to be, and some comedians were tragic. On this account, the actors were often as perplexed with their lines as the authors were perplexed with the actors. Into this confusion of ideas as to what was tragic, and what was comic, came W. S. Gilbert. He created the serio-comic, making fun for both the tragedian and the comedian.

He was a Revolutionary wag, to whom no British institution was sacred, no regal splendor appalling. With that intellectual vitality that lifted him over dangerous places, in his satire, with supreme and graceful humor, he stirred the heavy-eyed British audiences to see and hear things that were strange, but true. In "Iolanthe" he pinched the noses of members of Parliament; in "Trial by Jury," he tickled the solemnity of British law; in "Patience," he stripped the Aesthetic soul of its aura; in "Pinafore," he dragged the British Admiral to the main deck; in "The Mikado" he amiably amused himself with Japanese Imperialism. I say, amused himself, advisedly, because that is one of the salient impressions of his work. Underneath the mirth and melody of the Gilbert & Sullivan operas, one finds always an almost classic satire of substantial quality.

Satire belongs to the acids of feeling, and yet no one ever thinks of W. S. Gilbert as a man of satirical nature. One thinks of him as a genial, lovable, intensely human being, who was so tremendously clever, that he could have written plays like George Bernard Shaw, if he had been a little more intolerant than he was. In the literature of satire, they stand out as conspicuous and distinguished figures in this generation.

IN my work as an actor, I have spent many years with Gilbert's lines, having played in nearly all his operas, and they are the happiest and easiest work of my life; easy because Gilbert's lines so brilliantly illumine the character, and his humor has that whimsical alertness of lyric and felicity in the comic wording of his thought, that no comedian can fail with such rare material. No one knows better than the actor what a good part is, where his difficulties lie, and where his lines embarrass him. I have lived in what has been unmercifully called comic-opera most of my life. The term is a misnomer, so many comic-operas rely entirely upon the comic ability of its comedian. Gilbert's comic operas make no such demand, they inspire the comedian, they are literature of a high order. In satirical perception, Gilbert stands side by side with Shaw.

Looking at them that way, measuring their satirical stature, the contrast seems interesting. While Gilbert looks out upon the world from under the broad brim of his hat, as it were, hiding his identity, and seeing life with a genial twinkle in his eye, hoping that no one can see him, Shaw stands upright, head erect, beard bristling, challenging the world to meet him in the final conflict. Shaw gathers about him the polished crowd that is cynically inclined. Gilbert is followed by the rest of the world, which knows that he will never ask people to take themselves seriously.

A SHAW audience always seems to me to be an audience made up of people who want to take a smash at something or somebody. They come to cheer the intellectual pugilism of life. A Gilbert audience keeps smiling happily the whole evening, smiling as though they were just having a good time with an old friend they are very fond of. That is the secret of the successful revival every now and then of the Gilbert opera. I am sure that hundreds of years from now their revivals will be made from time to time, when comic-opera, which is now almost extinct, will then be so entirely.

Is it the humor of Gilbert and the satire of Shaw, or vice-versa that holds us?

The question invites endless discussion, of course. It might lead us into many volumes if we yield to all that might be said and should be said if we gave the matter so much time. The question is chiefly entertaining, if we think about it at all, because Gilbert and Shaw have had such distinctly reactionary influences on the stage. Gilbert's humor has been outrageously imitated, but it stands alone, unapproachable, irreproachable. While he sees the most vital issues of affairs contemporary with Gilbert's period in England, and made Englishmen laugh about things they have never dared to laugh at before, his satire mellows with age. No irritation followed his satirical attacks, because there was no sting in Gilbert's intellectual character. On the contrary, there is gentleness in his gibes, a personal chuckle behind the words, heart is in his satire everywhere. Mingled with his contempt for the dullness of British tradition, was no desire to reform them. The purpose of amusement in his satire was so plainly written, and the purpose of reform so utterly ignored, that everyone laughed with him, as he himself laughed heartily with everyone else. The Gilbert satire is unique for the kind of wit one longs to find at dinner-parties and never does, the kind of wit that requires no world-worn wisdom to understand, a wit that delights the young and innocent, as well as the old and wicked.

THESE are impressions that one cannot receive from the satire of George Bernard Shaw. The peculiar virus with which Shaw mingles his satirical consciousness, is a foreign substance to Gilbert. Of course, Shaw never had his Sullivan, though he appears to have had something of the Sullivan nature, the surprising wit of all the Irish race of Sullivans is in his blood. If Shaw had ever written a comic-opera, the comparison of Gilbert might seem more appropriate, but there is no unfairness in this comparison on that account. They are the two most celebrated satirists of the world, of our generation, and their lives, from an actor's standpoint, seem to exploit an equal literary distinction.

Probably Shaw will never write a comic-opera, no musician would dare encounter the wrath of his satirical collaboration. The fact that Shaw's play, "Arms and the Man," has been successfully adapted to operatic performances, does not seem to have inspired him to write a comic-opera, although its artistic and financial success in comic-opera dress, should tempt him.

If Shaw does write the words of a comic-opera, he will probably require Puccini to write the music, so that, in the happy combination of emotional feeling and satirical spice, the con-

oto White

Frank Moulan as Robin Oakapple, and Gladys Caldwell as Rose Maybud

Cora Tracy as Mad Margaret

Craig Campbell as Richard Dauntless and William Danforth as Sir Despard Murgatroyd

Frank Moulan as Robin, and Bertram Peacock as Old Adam Goodheart

Sung for the first time in New York thirty-three years ago, this popular Gilbert and Sullivan opera, a brilliant satire on the "blood-and-thunder" type of melodrama, has lost nothing of its old-time sparkle and wit, while its music is still a joy to the ear

"RUDDIGORE" AWAKENS OLD MEMORIES AT THE PARK

trast will be thoroughly Shavian. Imagine what the chorus of a comic-opera, written by Shaw, would be expected to do! Of course, Shaw would insist that every member of that chorus enunciate his words correctly. The problem of articulation, alone, would involve months of rehearsal. In this relation, however, one can respectfully suggest that W. S. Gilbert insisted upon a vast improvement in articulate effort in comic-opera. Some of Gilbert's lyrics require the most difficult and expert articulation, and yet they are nothing to what Shaw's dramatic impulse would demand. Of course, there is no denying the fact that if Shaw did write a comic-opera, it would make all other comic-operas seem like old maids on a spree. It would be something shocking, and yet something better than the Gilbert and Sullivan fare, better, I mean from the point of view that is purely Shavian, which is a point of view entirely new in the world since the fame of Gilbert.

One fancies that Shaw would be unable to resist the opportunity to make fun of comic-opera as a British institution, such as Gilbert created. A Shavian libretto set to music might be like "The Second Mrs. Tanquerey," rewritten by H. B. Smith, or "Omar Khayyam," adapted by the Sultan of Turkey to the stage. There is always something shockingly frank about Shaw, he seems to have such an uncompromising hatred for the laugh that is young, the laugh that is just beginning to see the humor of the serious things in life without being compromised by them.

Shaw chortles when he laughs at things, Gilbert chuckles. Between the chortle and the chuckle, there is a distinction that cannot be defined, though it exists. People have different laughs, and I believe sociologists (*Continued on page* 216)

LET THE ACTOR CHOOSE HIS AUDIENCE

The public picks the plays it wishes to see.
Why should not the player do the same?

By DONALD MACDONALD

INNOVATIONS are in order. Limitation is being seen for what it is—a horizon which looks formidable but proves, on approach, to be merely short-sightedness. Nothing is impossible—nothing is preposterous, except stagnation.

Very well,—let's have a real change in the order of things. The public has been deciding upon what plays it should patronize for so long a time as to look on the custom as settled and satisfactory. But such is not the case. Do all audiences like all plays? No. Then something is wrong, something should be done. The solution? Let the actor choose his audience!

He would have definite standards and definite eliminations. In the first place, the ideal audience would be interested in the development of the play. For instance, if the play were advertised as beginning at 8:15 sharp, they would all be in their seats by 8.45, which is the recognized time for all 8.15 curtains to rise. For this Utopian assembly the first act would be something more than useless and thus—when the big disclosure came in Act 3—there would be no sibilant inquiries as to what it was all about, its significance having been planted in the first scene of Act 1.

The ideal audience would contain none of the following pests: The fellow who tabulates a character as serious or comic—no more, no less—and who invariably guffaws heartily when "that funny guy" has a few pathetic moments. The noisy drunk in the front row; why is it that the intoxicated one always chooses the front row? The bored society lady who never sees anything but the second acts; "I can't sit for two hours, you know,—I just want the gist of it." The college youth—you know the one I mean—who thinks he isn't a regular fellow unless he shows profound and audible contempt for pathos, love scenes and climaxes; and yet, a college boy made one evening bright for me: I was in a terrible bit of dramatizing, and felt deeply for the few stragglers who were lured inside by the carefully deleted and doctored notices in the lobby, such as: "The Jasbo Girl" is . . . . likely to last . . . . long on Broadway. It is . . . . reminiscent of . . . . the best opera in years. We'll say it is in a class by itself." Well, just in the midst of one of this play's worst moments, I saw this boy and his companion open wide a couple of newspapers. How we all, on the other side of the lights, longed to let them know how glad we were that someone in front had found solace and forgetfulness,—and yet they had sought to offend us. I remember an incident connected with a college town. A lad threw a large head of cabbage on the stage during a performance, whereupon the leading actor stepped down and said: "Thank you for laying your head at my feet."

And how about the box-party who sit with their backs to the stage, to show that they have seen everything and don't give a snap of their fingers for the biggest success in New York. One rule should be followed by all box-parties—Never speak softly during the progress of a play; actors love to hear the happy buzz of conversation, and nothing is quite so pleasing to a player as to work up to a climax and—as he pauses to make a telling point—to hear something of great moment like, "I think she's a mess, myself," or "Where shall we go afterwards?"

And there's the man who never smiles or applauds. He's another first row habitué. You are feeling very happy; all your points have gone over to everyone but him, and they certainly have gone over him. He hates you, seemingly, and just came there to let you know it. After a while the whole evening's effort settles down to a desperate attempt to get one gleam of joy into his sour visage. The next day one of the company says, "Why, that was John Harris, the great humorist, and he says he likes our show better than anything he's seen this year!" Now, I ask you, is it fair?

Not to forget the person who waits until you have reached the number you rely on as your justification for being in the show, and then—*just* then—arises and sails up the aisle, and out; making you feel that the late Mr. Spectator had stood all of you he could, and then fled in desperation at this final imposition. If he could only make it plain to you that he has a train to catch or that an important deal depends on his presence at ten o'clock, but no!—all you know is that you began to sing a song and he straightway left the theatre. It is very bad for the ego.

And what about prohibiting all coughers (or is it coughees)? Why is it that a whole audience can control its coughing during some tense bit, but simply goes into spasms the second a quiet moment occurs? Let the heroine start a scene beginning: "You wish to know the truth—well I'll tell you!" and not a sound out of the crowd; but when she softly says, "I guess there's no more to tell," pandemonium is let loose. Yes, I'm for demanding that all coughing be done during intermissions.

Oh!—And the lady who never looks at the stage. She is in the second row—the play is right in front of her, the actors are talking right out loud, and yet—in spite of the great effort she must make in order not to look higher than the actor's feet—such is her accomplishment for two acts. It's a puzzle whether she suffers from stationary eyelids or is interested in shoes.

Another pest is the actor who got in on a pass, applauds more loudly than anyone, and roundly berates everyone on the stage. "They wanted me for that part. He doesn't get half the meat out of it. There! Did you see him spoil that laugh? It's a good part but, of course, you'd never know it. You think she's good looking? You ought to see her without a make-up; I played with her fifteen years ago, and she was thirty then. It's wonderful how she can be so sweet on the stage; she's a devil to work with."

And the child!—Very well behaved usually, but who, after half an evening's effort on the part of the cast to impress the fact that, though the crook has placed the wallet in the tree, no one but he and the audience knows, ruins everything by calling out to the stage detective: "I saw the bad man put the pocket-book in the tree, Mister," and *this* in Act Two, as they are dragging the hero to jail where he *must* be sent to make the play last out the evening.

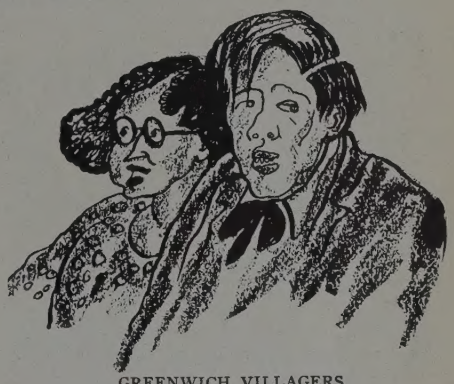
No—there should be no children in an ideal audience.

The truly ideal audience would be made up of men and women who had struggled and accomplished. They, alone, can realize that all honest effort aims at a good result, and that, though it miss the mark ever so far, to it is due much respect and more courtesy in the degree that it *is* honest.

Great people are always an inspiration in an audience. The pests are the inhabitants of the "Never, Never Land," that is: Never Did, Never Could and Never Will!

TYPES IN "THE POWER OF DARKNESS"

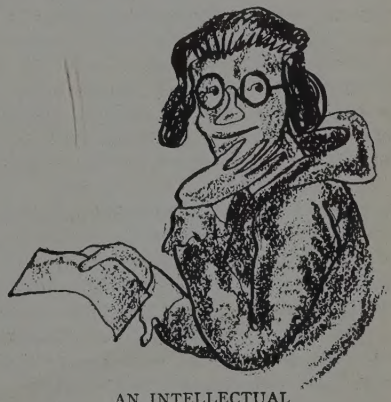
A MUSICIAN



GREENWICH VILLAGERS

A GREENWICH VILLAGE DOWAGER

ARTHUR HOHL AS THE PRODIGAL SON

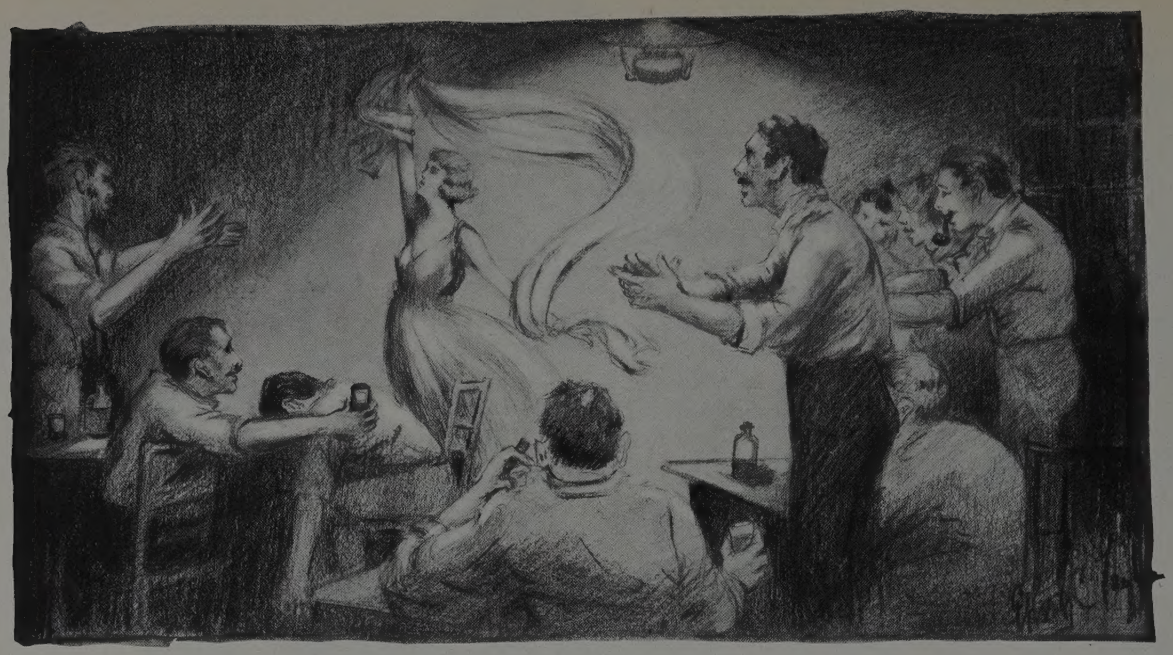


AN INTELLECTUAL

"AMONG THOSE PRESENT"

A FIRST NIGHT AT A TOLSTOI PLAY

(Caricatures by Miss Peggy Bacon)



She was dancing, the yellow lamps making her orange shaded draperies play in wierd harmony. She whirled about the floor for a finish, and the men—all of them fighting for riches, all of them tanned by the sun, all of them soul-burned because that's what Africa does for a man—stood up to cheer her.

THE RIGHT PLACE FOR SONIA

By COURTENAY SAVAGE

Author of "Morning," "A Woman of No Imagination," etc.

AUNT Eloise Reed had never really liked me from the time I wrote the lyrics of a musical play, invested a small portion of the money my father had left me in its production and became, through the success of the show—a popular Broadway author. I really think that she would have snubbed me the first time we met after the production if it had not been that her set—and set means as much to Aunt Eloise as caste to a Hindoo—had not decided that I was a literary light, and "taken me up."

As it was, I had had difficulty in keeping in the graces of Aunt Eloise, who heads our family tree, and I confess I did not relish my job of telling her that I thought that Sonia and her son ought to be taken into the fold, that the time had come for us to give Sonia her right place. As I went up the steps of her very correct brownstone house, past the very much liveried footman, and into the library, which I knew had been chosen because my telephone message said that I wished to discuss a matter of family business—I was honestly wishing that someone else had come to Sonia's aid.

But then I was the only one of the few nieces and nephews who was not afraid of Aunt Eloise. You see, she has so much money, and can leave it as she wishes, that the rest felt that they had to be nice to her. And, after all, it was no one's fault that Jack had married Sonia Somerset.

Jack, you see, was Aunt Eloise's stepson. She had brought him up, and been as kind to him as she knew how—possibly over-indulgent in her effort to do away with the criticism that so often falls on a step-mother's head. After his father died, leaving her in trust of Jack's money, which she was to give him at thirty if he kept in her good graces, she had continued to spend money freely on Jack—had done so, in fact, until the summer morning that the scare-head papers announced that he had married Sonia Somerset—who, at the moment was dancing in a Parisian *Revue*—one of the first Americans to invade Europe in those days before the war.

"How could he?" she had exclaimed to her secretary, and myself, I happening to be at her home when the announcement was made. "Why—men do have affairs with such women, I know—more shame to them—but no one marries an actress!"

"Oh, yes—it has been done," I suggested.

"Hold your tongue!" she warned me. "Why, the papers say that she was the daughter of a Polish farmer, who married an Irish woman. Her name is no more Somerset than mine is. It says that her father deserted them when she was just a child, and that she's been earning her own living since she was ten. Think of it—and daring to marry into the Reed family!"

I did think of it, but what was the use of saying anything at the minute? Aunt Eloise was in a rage, and a lioness is calm beside the very dignified rages of the ultra-elite social leaders. I know this to be a fact.

I remembered that I had urgent business in town later in the day, and so made my departure. I cabled my best to Jack, and promised to look them up when I got to Paris, which I knew would be soon.

And the next time I saw Aunt Eloise was two weeks later at a family dinner she gave for the purpose of informing us all that as far as she was concerned, Jack was legally dead. And he was not going to get one penny from the money his father had left. According to the will, she had the right to such a decision.

"And I don't want his name mentioned in my presence. He's dragged our skirts in the mud, and there'll be more scandal before it's over—I really feel as though I couldn't dare a social season this winter."

That ended it as far as Aunt Eloise was concerned. I am sure that no one ever disobeyed her, not even when Jack's death was announced in the newspapers. She had made her decree, and she would live up to it.

And now, five years after the decree, I was waiting to break it. And I had my reason, for you see, there was Jack's son to think of.

Aunt Eloise rustled into the room; she wore stiff silk dresses that must have stood alone once she stepped out of them, and greeted me most cordially. She was not a bad looking woman, rather stout, but her hair was still brown in spite of her sixty years; her eyes keen, her color healthy. Of course, she used no artificial aids toward beauty. She shook hands, and looked towards the door.

"My secretary is outside. You said this was business—do we need her?"

"Family business—a matter for private discussion," I assured her, and she herself shut the door. I could see that she was impressed with the tone I had adopted, and I wondered if it argued well for my plea. Of course, I might be able to awe her, though I doubted it.

"It's about Sonia that I've come here," I plunged boldly into the topic with quite the sensation that one has upon jumping into a large tub of very cold water, "Sonia and her son."

"Oh, yes," she never flickered an eyelid—clever old actress. "And who may Sonia be, and why does her son interest me?"

"Jack's widow," I reminded her, "he married Sonia Somerset."

"Somerset your grandmother," she sniffed. "She was a Pole."

"Well, that's the name she is generally known by when they don't call her Mrs. John Douglas Reed."

She winced at that, but made no comment. Instead, she sat waiting. If she had only said something it would have been far less uncomfortable for me.

"He's Jack's child, you know—a Reed—and he ought to have his chance to grow up as one of the family——and she is Jack's widow."

"And I suppose that you think that she ought to be one of the family? Why—I saw a picture of her the other day—in tights!"

"She's had to go back to earning her living, and any actress might have to wear tights. Some of the best have—when they played—"As You Like It."

"Young man," Aunt Eloise completely ignored my reference. "If you came here to talk to me about the League of Nations, I'm interested. But long ago I said that I did not want Jack's name mentioned in my presence, and the same thing goes for the woman that he married."

"And the child?"

"How do I know that it is Jack's child? How do I know that he even married this—creature? When you're young, and in Paris—", she shrugged her shoulders.

I remember very plainly that Aunt Eloise did not know Sonia, and I also thought what pleasure I would have had in slapping her face if she had been a man. But I knew that temper was going to bring me nothing. So I sat there, and pulled a smile from behind my ear.

NOW what else have you got to say?" she demanded.

"Just that I wish that you'd see Sonia and the boy—for half an hour. I'm sure you'd like her—she's a real woman, Aunt Eloise. She's never had the chance she should have had—never. We ought to give it to her. Why, Mrs. Hill-Blaney told me yesterday that she thought Sonia was as clever as she is beautiful."

The trick worked. Mrs. Hill-Blaney is quite a social light, and that she could express such an opinion more or less changed the matter.

"How does she know anything about it?"

"Well, you see, I took Sonia to lunch with me, and Mrs. Hill-Blaney was there. I introduced them, and Mrs. Hill-Blaney asked Sonia to dance at a bazaar. Sonia did, and they all liked her. I understand that Mrs. Hill-Blaney has quite taken her up."

"Fool!" and I could see Mrs. Hill-Blaney's name coming off Aunt Eloise's calling list—then, "Is she really quite young?"

"Yes—twenty-seven, to be exact."

"You seem to know her very well."

"I do. I saw them in Paris a month after the wedding—I kept on seeing them, even after Jack was sick."

"Sick, what do you mean?"

"Didn't you know how Jack died?" I asked. "Didn't you know that there was an illness which lasted two years—a lung condition?"

I could see that she didn't, and I was spiteful enough to be glad that just a twinge of suffering crossed her very self-satisfied countenance. Then, quite boldly, I started to tell the whole sordid story, forgetting none of the harrowing details. You see, I was fighting for Sonia and her boy.

"You mean to say that he was poor?" she questioned.

"Yes, I guess you'd call it just poor. All he had was the small income from his mother's estate, plus a little she had saved. And you know what it costs when there are big fees to physicians, and a child coming."

"Yes, I know," she admitted.

"They were living in a little house just outside of Paris, and the doctors said that it was an unhealthy place for one in Jack's condition. He suggested the hills of South Africa. I did not know the truth then, or else I would have staked them, but I found out afterwards that he sold the bonds that had kept them going, paid up a few debts around Paris, and hurried away to the hills in confidence that in a few months, or a year at the most, they would both be able to earn, though Jack was never keen that his wife should be a dancer.

I HEARD from them once in a while, and I sent Jack five hundred dollars to start young Jack's bank account when I heard of his arrival. I did not know it until I decided that as long as I was going to write a comedy laid in South Africa, I needed to go out there for the atmosphere, but that check really kept them going for months. You remember, I went to South Africa, don't you, Auntie?"

She did, but I was glad to see that she was not interested in me. She was anxious to hear about Jack.

"Well, naturally, I looked them up. There they were up in the hills—at a little station that would have been God forsaken if it had not been on the railroad, and the nearest approach to several mines, and a farm or two of importance. There was a dilapidated country club, a bank, a hotel, several shops of various types, the railroad station, and 'Bank's Café.' I don't suppose that you can form a mental picture of Bank's Café, Aunt Eloise, but it was not the type of place where any woman would go unless she was either absolutely degraded—or—desperate."

"But that was where you found her?" Aunt Eloise punctured my narrative with what was almost a happy shout.

"Yes. Sonia was the leading attraction of the cabaret, earning the large sum of six pounds and her supper, most of which, by the way, she wrapped in a napkin and carried home to Jack."

Aunt Eloise's face fell. She has always been very fond of food.

"You see, Jack wasn't any better—he was so much worse than Sonia knew, everyone knew, that the end was mighty near.

THEY were days of horror for Sonia, for into the mind of the dying man had crept a seed of suspicion. He was scarcely able to move, but he would lie in the sunshine, thinking—seldom talking, never reading—but always thinking. One day he told me of his thoughts. His eyes flickered with a light that was almost insanity. He swore he was going to be avenged.

"Avenged?" I asked him.

"Yes, she thinks that I don't know, that I believe her story that she goes to some place in the village to work, but I know the truth,—the truth," and he hissed the words as if he were some great snake.

"Jack, what do you mean?" I could not understand him.

"Oh, I'm sick, and she is tired of me. There's someone else. I'm only waiting until I'm better, and then I'm going to follow her—right to the place where they meet every night."

"It was revolting. Jack, lying there with his poisoned thoughts, and poor little Sonia dancing for the crowd of men who flocked to Banks' Café. I'd seen her at work, doing her solo dances, and then, 'mingling,' as Banks called it—going from table to table, and dancing with men whose hands were white, but who were mentally—probably bodily—unclean. I had tried to take her away after that first night, but Sonia was very proud. She would accept no financial help, and besides, there was a contract which had weeks to run—a contract on which Sonia had insisted, for she had wanted to be sure of her living.

"You don't know what you're saying," I accused him. "You've no right to think such things of Sonia. Why, Jack, if you weren't a sick man, I'd thrash you. You know why she goes down to the village every night just as well as I do. If you ask me, I think she's the most decent little girl in the world.

"His eyes flared, and I saw that we were in for a stormy session, but a spasm of coughing overpowered him. God—you've never seen death at its worst until you see a man going out in one of these spasms. When he was quieted, we did not talk further—there was no talk left in him; he was just content to lie back and breathe.

That night I decided that no contract, no pride, could hold Sonia to Bank's Café. Her place was at home; Jack needed her, so did her boy. I waited until Jack had dropped off to sleep. I was helping to play nurse with the native woman that Sonia had hired, and then went quickly down the hill. You've never seen Africa, Aunt Eloise—it's quite unlike any other place in the world. I'd trust myself, or even my women, in the jungle places with the worst of the naked blacks, but the white men of that town on the edge of civilization—no beachcomber falls much lower than most of them. The sweepings of humanity, that's all, and Sonia had to be one of them.

SHE was dancing when I went in, the yellow lamps making her orange-shaded draperies play in weird harmony. I'd never seen her dance before, but I knew instantly why it was that New York, Paris and London had acclaimed her. It was not her grace; it was the elusive suggestion that she gave of personality. She whirled about the floor for a finish, and the men stood up to cheer her. Yet she had been dancing there for weeks.

"When she had crossed the floor toward the tables a dozen men rose to greet her, men of the type you've never seen. All of them fighting for riches, all of them tanned by the sun, all of them soul-burned because that's what Africa does for a man. And they stretched out their hands, and pushed one another aside with oaths in order to have Sonia sit at their table. Common property—that's what she was—and all the time I knew that the heart of her was sick for fear that the man back on the hill needed her. She hadn't seen me, I didn't intend that she should until I was ready.

"I went over to Banks—he was always behind the desk in the corner of the room, and I didn't mince matters. I wanted Sonia out of there, and at once. He wanted her to stay, and we did quarrel about it. I won out by telling him that I'd walk to the middle of the floor, and tell the men there all about Sonia, and how he would not allow me to buy off her contract.

They were a rough bunch, but I figured that, like all rough men, they were emotional, and they did respect a good woman—like Sonia."

"How did they know she was a good woman?" Aunt Eloise interrupted my narrative for the first time in minutes.

"Men—all men—know when a woman is good," I hesitated to let that sink in. Then I hurried on. "Finally he said that he understood my position, you see he knew what the men might say and do to him if I ever swung their sympathy against him. I gave him my check, and then I very unceremoniously ordered Sonia home. She didn't say anything when I told her that her days at Banks' were over,—she's the type of a girl who wouldn't comment. She'd been game enough to go through Hell when Jack needed it, but now that there was someone she could, and would, trust to assume the bills—well,—she was darned glad to stay with him.

THERE is no use telling you the details of how Jack died, Aunt Eloise, but it was horrible, worse than anything I have imagined. The poison in his flesh entered his brain. Every moment he was awake he demanded that Sonia stay with him. If she absented herself for a minute there was a string of abuse. Only her presence kept him quiet—peaceful. She hovered over his bed as a ministering angel showing him the way to Paradise. Sometimes I used to wonder if she would not grow tired—if her heart would not rebel, but she always smiled, if only to hide the tears.

"One night, after a terrifically trying day, I followed her into the moonlit garden. Beyond us the rolling hills beckoned, and from far away came soft music.

"Do you hear it?" she asked. "It's from Banks' Café."

"Yes," I was resentful that the din of the place should follow us up the hill.

"Odd world, isn't it?" she queried, "always there is music to mingle with the tears—how fortunate that all of us do not suffer at the same time."

"You love him, Sonia, don't you?" I thought that her faith, her patience, was slipping.

"Love him—God, yes, I love him. He's mine—my all, and he's going away from me forever. Don't say that I have the boy—I know that, but Jack's my man, and no one, not even a child, can take the place of the man a woman really loves."

That night in the garden I knew how great was Sonia's love. I saw then the soul of the woman, and I worshipped her for what she was. You'd see it, Aunt Eloise, if you knew her, for all her life, every move and action, mirrors that day when Jack was slipping away with each tick of the clock, making that awful fight we must all face, but mercifully not the way he had to face it. Gee, Sonia was a game little sport. Never a whimper, working night and day, and always conscious that any moment he might leave her.

"When it was all over she went from the room swiftly as a bird released from captivity. Half an hour later I found her in the fields beyond the house, with the baby pressed close to her heart, and she was crooning him a chant of love, telling him that he was going to be a fine, big man—like his father. She was a real wife, Aunt Eloise, and she's a real mother.

Then, as soon as we could get passage, I brought her back here. On the journey she insisted on knowing every penny I spent on them, made me even keep a strict account of the tips. She said that once she reached New York she knew that she could get plenty of work, and even on the steamer she started practicing—to limber up, she called it. I begged her not to work. I told her that if she would come and live with me, manage my home, I would be only too happy to settle a regular sum on her, and provide for the boy's education—but she said no.

And we had not been in the city three days before she called me up and said that she had a contract with the new *Revue* at the Summer Palace. She's a keen little business woman—the contract was all in her favor, and the salary far larger than I thought she could dare ask for. It seems, however, that the public is not so fickle as I thought. If you read the theatrical columns you know what a hit she is."

Aunt Eloise shook her head. Evidently she did not know, or care to know, that Sonia was a hit.

"And just as she said she would, Sonia has paid me back every penny of the money I spent on them. Can you imagine anything more square than that? I'm putting the money away for her boy."

"He'll probably need it," Aunt Eloise said, dryly.

"He may—but—," I stopped.

"But not at present—is that what you were going to say? Well, if you think that this girl ought to have some compensation for all that she did for Jack,—why, I can arrange a financial settlement. How much does she want?"

"Want?" I roared the word. "My God—she doesn't want anything! She doesn't know that I'm here, she would have forbidden me to come. What I want is for you to call on her,—go to her and ask her to be one of the family—if necessary, to come here and live. She's Jack's wife, and the boy is Jack's son, and there's something more than money. It's just that she ought to be able to take her real place. She's a real woman—*a real woman.*"

I THOUGHT for a moment that Aunt Eloise was about to indulge in an apoplectic fit. That's what she looked like. But she relieved the tension by rising and towering over me with all of her five feet four.

"Bring her here?" she said in her most icy tones.

"Yes, or, at least, allow her the freedom of the house—the freedom that Jack's widow ought to have."

"The freedom?" she looked at me.

"Yes."

"But—why—I'll admit that she sounds so much better than I ever thought any actress woman could sound, but—"

"But— what?" I demanded in a decidedly sharp tone.

"But why, I couldn't have her here. Think of my social position—have a woman here who wears tights? She does wear them, doesn't she?"

"Yes—white tights."

"Ah," her eyes beamed. It was a moment of triumph, "then you see, how could I have her here—a woman in tights? As for the money—" she shrugged her shoulders. That, she considered, was a simple problem.

For minutes we sat in silence. Standing over me, her face drawn with what must have been a triumphant smile, but what to me resembled the grin of a gargoyle, I hated her—hated her for a woman whose soul was so narrow that it could never have felt the warmth of the sunshine. Perhaps, I had not told the story with the quality of drama that an emotional actress might have put into it—but—the facts were there—and Aunt Eloise remembered only one of them, that Sonia wore tights.

AND it came over me as she stood there, that, after all, this was no home for Sonia. I knew that Sonia had had her lesson,—she would never lack for money, for she earned a great deal, lived simply, and saved a major portion of it. And, after all, why bring her to this loveless house? Suppose that she did become socially recognized by Aunt Eloise's set as Jack's wife? What would it bring her? Love? Tenderness? I thought not. I got up, looked at my watch, and reached for my hat.

"I have an engagement," I said simply. "Thank you for seeing me—Good-bye."

She put out her hand—no one ever kissed Aunt Eloise—and smiled more fiercely.

"Good-bye, and remember if she needs money, I'll give her some, but you understand, I couldn't have that type of woman, one who wears tights, you know, here in my home."

I nodded, and hurried away. I was eager to get out into the air. As I stood on the steps of the house I thought of Sonia as I had seen her the night before; Sonia, beautiful in her costume, already a featured member of the big Revue in which she was appearing, and the proud possessor of a contract which read that she was to be starred next season, at a star's salary. Yet the sudden picture I had of Sonia showed the loving friendship of her heart. Standing there in the wings, waiting for the cue of her next entrance, she had not been too self-important to show a chorus girl, who also waited, how to turn the heel of a sock.

I wondered, just for a minute, if Aunt Eloise would have felt differently if I had told her that Sonia was to be starred. No, I decided quickly, there was no melting the iron bands of a loveless heart. I had made my attempt to bring Sonia into her rightful place, and had discovered that it was not among Aunt Eloise's set—but in her own world of "back stage." There she was happy, there they all loved her—really loved her.

After all, I concluded, there are many places in the world worse than the theatre. The big house where Aunt Eloise lived, for instance.

From a portrait by Charlotte Fairchild

ELSIE FERGUSON

After remarkable success in the films, this popular star returns to the legitimate stage in Arnold Bennett's play, "Sacred and Profane Love"

ANNETTE MONTEIL

As a charming Brittany maid in "Buddies" this young French actress made her bow to American audiences

Photos Abbe

MARGALO GILLMORE

This talented daughter of Frank Gillmore ran away with acting honors in "The Famous Mrs. Fair" and, incidentally, scored one of the biggest hits of the season

JUNE WALKER

Typically ingenuish is this slip of a girl whose youth, vivacity and dimpled knees have captured Broadway in "My Lady Friends," the popular comedy featuring Clifton Crawford

THE SEASON FOR INGENUES

Photocraft

George Gaul, as John St. John, the Don Juan of the neighborhood

George Gaul and Pauline Lord. Marooned in the same cabin, John makes love to the young bride, much against her will

(Left to right), William Morran, Pauline Lord, Alan Dinehart, Charles Halton, Reginald Barlow and George Gaul
The wife, a girl of the woods, thinks that her husband has failed to avenge her honor in refusing to kill the lover

"BIG GAME" A DRAMA OF THE CANADIAN FOREST

PERSONALITY PORTRAITS

No. 2: INA GLAIRE

INA CLAIRE is a seeker. She is the girl who wants to know. She is a life questioner.

She asks questions of life through books. On the day of the great fog when Manhattan was enwrapped in a dun colored veil, of the kind that usually enswathes London, and boats were crashing into each other in New York Harbor, I asked her whether the day had weighted her spirits.

"No," she answered. "I haven't been out lest I should be lost and keep the curtain of the Lyceum waiting. But I've kept off the blues, or the blacks, by reading." She showed me the book. It was one issued by the new thinking cult, "How to Get the Desires of Your Heart." "I've been reading all day," said the new risen star. "And I've learned that everybody must eat food and breathe air. That's all I've got."

A comment that smacked of the cynic. But Ina Claire isn't a cynic, if only because she hasn't attained the age of cynicism. At twenty-five one may not sneer at life. She may only question it.

The star of "The Gold Diggers" wants to know many things: Why there are wars? Why there is sorrow and disenchantment in a world that looks so fair? Why girls can't be generous to other girls of the same age who happen to have risen a bit above the horizon? Why the ambitions of some are normal and those of others are pathetic?

Despite the lack of satisfying results on the day of the great fog, she keeps on questioning life through books. She has the largest dramatic library I have seen in any home. She has learned a good deal from these wells of wisdom. But she had been thinking her way through them and she wasn't sure her conclusions were correct.

SHE asks questions of managers. She has played interlocutor to celebrated ones. Richard Carle was the first. When she was with him he found fault with the way she pronounced "just." "How shall I pronounce it?" asked the "youngster" whom he had classified as "promising." "Leave out the 'e,'" was his advice. She followed it. George Edwards was another. She put her queries to him at his Gaiety Theatre, but he smiled and answered: "You are charming, Miss Claire." Florenz Ziegfeld watched her rehearsals in the Follies with his enigmatic gaze and spoke as though at the races: "Let her have her head." David Belasco, seeing her imitation of Frances Starr's Marie Odile in the Follies, engaged her to imitate the life of "Polly with a Past." Mr. Belasco said substantially what Florenz Ziegfeld did. Ina Claire is the "Topsy" of the stage. She has not been directed. She has "just growed." When she has asked, "What shall I do?" the masters of the stage have said. "Go ahead in your own way." Such a compliment as the conductor of an orchestra pays a singer when he lays down his baton!

"I don't know what I think about things. I'm trying to find out," she repeated to me in her new home, the long Moorish house like a southern California abode, on the edge of the Pelham woods. "I don't understand persons. I'm trying to understand them."

"You understand well enough to remind us startlingly of a number of them; Harry Lauder for example!" I reminded.

"I don't know many people well," she said meditatively. "But they interest me. Perhaps I get a good deal from their surfaces. I try. But I would like to ask them things, and sometimes I would like to differ from them."

She is much alone, because her brother is married and lives in the city while dancing in "Apple Blossoms" and her stately mother gives much time to administering the affairs of the California-like house. When, therefore, Miss Claire's eyes ache from too much reading she sits amidst the blues and yellows of her large square room, and asks herself questions. "There's a reason for everything," she says silently to Ina Claire. "Why am I an actress instead of like other girls? There was never a player remotely connected with our family. How did I happen? Mother is from Kansas. No player ever came from Kansas. When I play in Kansas City and send her relatives polite invitations to come to see me play, if they wish, they send their thanks and say they have never been to the theatre and think they won't begin. No, my inclination to the stage doesn't come from even a discontented Kansan. How about father? He was a government employee at a small salary. He must have been bureaucratic. I wish I had known him. Why did he have to die before I was born? But he did die in an accident at Ford's Theatre, which may have indicated his taste for playgoing. I heard a woman say that the talents of a child are an expression of the suppressed tastes of the parent. I remember seeing a violin that father owned. Maybe that's it, Father fiddled and I act."

IN one of these daily communions she asked herself: "What criticism have I received that pleased me most?" She has answered the question to her own satisfaction. That idea, at least, is formed. "It was what Doris Keane said when she brought her husband back stage to meet me. She said: 'When I left America, Miss Claire was in a review. She has played many kinds of parts and played all of them well.'"

Her ideas formless? Not all of them. For instance, her idea about starring. It had come about in a matter-of-fact way. She was playing in "Polly with a Past" last season in Baltimore. Mr. Belasco telephoned her from New York: "Miss Claire, will you stop as you come through New York and see Mr. Roeder? I would like you to sign a contract. You can write in a salary that suits you. I have decided to star you."

"Oh! have you? All right," was the soprano response from Baltimore.

"May I read the play?" she asked, amidst the office formalities.

"Better leave that to Mr. Belasco's judgment," was the reply. "He has a fine play for you."

Behold her, then, this season a new risen star. Hear her comment and determine whether her attitude toward life is wholly interrogative.

"I didn't care about starring. I think I am too young. Starring in your youth calls attention to your imperfections. It is like standing out in the spot-light naked before the audience, that awful dream that all players have."

SHE looked merely a very pretty girl, fur wrapped and frolicsome, as she bounded down the road from the Pelham station when my train started for the city. She stopped to pat the wolf hound, Duke, an actor. But she would not long refrain from queries. I'll wager that long before the actress reached the brown stucco house on Elderwood Avenue she had applied the Socratic method to him.

For she is a youthful Socrates in petticoats. Ina Claire is Socrates' first reincarnation.

ADA PATTERSON

© Ira L. Hill

INA CLAIRE

The star in one of the season's most prominent successes, "The Gold Diggers"

Campbell

(Left)

In "The Little Blue Devil," Anne Sands showed that she is the possessor of a delightful voice and ran away with the vocal honors

Moffett

Peggy Dolan adds the touch of beauty to the "Scandals of 1919" which is singing and dancing its way into popular favor out of town

Abbe

Agatha DeBusey is an attractive member in the cast of "Lassie," a Scotch musical comedy based on "Kitty Mackay"

Abbe

After entertaining our soldiers for eighteen months at Coblenz, where they served with the American Army of Occupation, the Kouns Sisters are back on Broadway singing in the "Frivolities of 1920"

SHINING LIGHTS IN MUSICAL COMEDIES

Abbe

THEDA BARA

The original and most famous of all screen vampires makes her appearance on the legitimate stage in "The Blue Flame." The play affords her opportunities to run the gamut of emotions—from the sweetness of the unsophisticated maiden to the wiles of the seductress

Edward Thayer Monroe

FAIRE BINNEY

The sister of the popular Constance Binney, and a young actress of considerable repute in the films, who made her stage début in an ingenue rôle with Rachel Crothers in "He and She"

SCREEN FAVORITES LURED TO THE STAGE

This group of Russian dancers are a picturesque and graceful spot in "As You Were"

Irene Bordoni, who shares the honors with Sam Bernard, looked beautiful, sang charmingly and acted with rare skill. She is seen here as Cleopatra

Photos White

Sam Bernard, the chief funmaker, with some members of the highly decorative chorus

FUN AND FROLIC IN "AS YOU WERE" A FANTASTIC REVUE

THE ROAD TO STARDOM

For some players it is short and straight; for others it's very long and winding

By HAROLD SETON

OF the many players who are content to begin with a small part the majority certainly aspire to eventually play a leading rôle. How long has each star had to wait before fame came and tapped him or her upon the shoulder? George M. Cohan waited only two years. Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, "the grand old woman of the stage," waited sixty-eight years!

Olga Nethersole waited three years. She made her début in 1887, in "Harvest," at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, England. In 1890 she co-starred with Charles Cartwright in a tour of Australia, opening in "Moths" at the Garrick Theatre, Sydney.

Nat Goodwin waited four years. He made his début in 1874, in "Law in New York," at the Howard Athenaeum, Boston. In 1878 he co-starred with his first wife, Eliza Weatherby, in "Cruets."

Julia Marlowe waited five years. She made her début in 1882, at the age of twelve, in a juvenile "Pinafore" company, starting as a sailor, but soon advancing to the rôle of Sir Joseph Porter. In 1887 she starred in "Ingomar," the tour opening at New London, Connecticut.

Grace George waited six years. She made her début in 1894, in "The New Boy," at the Standard Theatre, New York. In 1900 she starred in "The Countess Chiffon," at Miner's Fifth Avenue Theatre.

BLANCHE BATES waited six years. She made her début in 1894, in "The Picture," a one-act piece produced in San Francisco. In 1900 she starred in "Madame Butterfly," at the Herald Square Theatre, New York.

Marie Doro waited six years. She made her début in 1901, in "Aristocracy," at the Criterion Theatre, St. Paul, Minnesota. In 1907 she starred in "The Morals of Marcus," at the Criterion Theatre, New York.

Lillian Russell waited six years. She made her début in 1877, in "Time Tries All." In 1883 she starred in "Virginia and Paul," at the Gaiety Theatre, London.

William Gillette waited six years. He made his début in 1875, in "Across the Continent," in New Orleans. In 1881 he starred in "The Professor," at the Madison Square Theatre, New York.

Ethel Barrymore waited seven years. She made her début in 1894. Later in the same year she spoke her first lines in "The Bauble Shop," at the Empire Theatre, New York. In 1901 she starred in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," at the Garrick Theatre.

Robert Hilliard waited seven years. He made his début in 1886, in "False Faces," at the Criterion Theatre, Brooklyn. In 1893 he co-starred with Paul Arthur in "The Nominee" and "The Sleepwalker."

Elsie Ferguson waited eight years. She made her début in 1901, in "The Liberty Belles," at the Madison Square Theatre, New York. In 1909 she starred in "Such a Little Queen."

Frances Starr waited nine years. She made her début in 1900, at Albany, under the management of Frederick Bond, and later in the same year joined the Murray Hill Stock Company, New York. In 1909 she starred in "The Easiest Way," at the Stuyvesant Theatre, New York.

Elsie Janis waited nine years. She made her début in 1897, in "The Charity Ball," at Columbus, Ohio. In 1906 she starred in "The Vanderbilt Cup," at the Liberty Theatre, New York.

James K. Hackett waited nine years. He made his début in 1892, in "His Toast," at the Madison Square Theatre, New York. In 1901 he starred in "Don Caesar's Return," at Wallack's Theatre.

BILLIE BURKE waited ten years. She made her début in 1898, when she sang in various Continental music-halls. In 1908 she starred in "Love Watches," at the Lyceum Theatre, New York.

Robert B. Mantell waited ten years. He made his début in 1876, in "Arrah-na-Pogue," at the Theatre Royal, Rochdale, England. In 1886 he starred in "Tangled Lives," at Stetson's Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York.

Margaret Anglin waited eleven years. She made her début in 1894, in "Shenandoah," at the Academy of Music, New York. In 1905 she starred in "Zira," at the Princess Theatre.

Arnold Daly waited eleven years. He made his début in 1892, in "The Jolly Squire." In 1903 he starred in "Candida."

Francis Wilson waited eleven years. He made his début in 1878, in "London Assurance," at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. In 1889 he starred in "The Oolah," at the Broadway Theatre, New York.

Mary Shaw waited twelve years. She made her début in 1878, at the Boston Museum. In 1890 she starred in "Mary Lincoln, M.D.," at Proctor's 23rd Street Theatre, New York.

De Wolf Hopper waited twelve years. He made his début in 1878, in "Our Boys," at Talbot Champney's, New Haven. In 1890 he starred in "Castles in the Air," at the Broadway Theatre, New York.

Maxine Elliott waited thirteen years. She made her début in 1890, in "The Middleman," at Palmer's Theatre, New York. In 1903 she starred in "Her Own Way," at the Garrick Theatre.

Raymond Hitchcock waited thirteen years. He made his début in 1890. In 1903 he starred in "The Yankee Consul," at the Tremont Theatre, Boston.

William Collier waited thirteen years. He made his début in 1879, at the age of eleven, in a juvenile "Pinafore" company. In 1892 he starred in "A Back Number."

DAVID WARFIELD waited thirteen years. He made his début in 1888, in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," at Napa, California. In 1901 he starred in "The Auctioneer," at the Bijou Theatre, New York.

William H. Crane waited fourteen years. He made his début in 1863, in "The Daughter of the Regiment," at Utica. In 1877 he co-starred with Stuart Robson in "Our Boarding House," at the Park Theatre, Boston.

Marie Dressler waited fourteen years. She made her début in 1886, in "Under Two Flags." In 1900 she starred in "Miss Print... Victoria Theatre, New York.

Robert Edeson waited fifteen years. ... his début in 1887, in "Fascination," at ... Theatre, Brooklyn. In 1902 he st... "Soldiers of Fortune," at the Savoy ... New York.

Viola Allen waited sixteen years. ... her début in 1882, in "Esmeralda," ... Madison Square Theatre, New York. ... she starred in "The Christian," at the ... bocker Theatre.

Henry E. Dixey waited sixteen ye... made his début in 1868, in "Under ... light," at the Howard Athenaeum, Bo... 1884 he starred in "Adonis," at t... Theatre, New York.

Mrs. Fiske waited sixteen years. S... her début in 1868, at the age of three, in ... III," at Little Rock, Arkansas. In ... starred in "Caprice," at the New Park ... New York.

Henrietta Crosman waited seventee... She made her début in 1883, in "Th... Slave," at the Windsor Theatre, New Y... 1900 she starred in "Mistress Nell," at t... Theatre.

Henry Miller waited seventeen years. ... his début in 1880, in "Cymbeline," at ... Theatre, New York. In 1897 he st... "Heartsease," at the Garden Theatre.

MAY IRWIN waited eighteen yea... made her début in 1875, as a v... singer, at the Theatre Comique, Roche... 1893 she starred in "A Country Sport," ... Bijou Theatre.

John Drew waited nineteen years. ... his début in 1873, in "Cool as a Cucum... the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia. ... he starred in "The Masked Ball," at ... Theatre, New York.

E. H. Sothern waited twenty years. ... his début in 1879, in "Brother Sam," ... Park Theatre, New York. In 1889 he ... in "The King's Musketeers," at the ... bocker Theatre.

George Arliss waited twenty-two yea... made his début in 1887, at the Eleph... Castle Theatre, London, England. In ... starred in "Septimus," at the Hackett ... New York.

Maude Adams waited twenty-five year... made her début in 1872, as a baby in ... "The Lost Child." In 1897 she starred ... Little Minister," at the Empire Theatr... York.

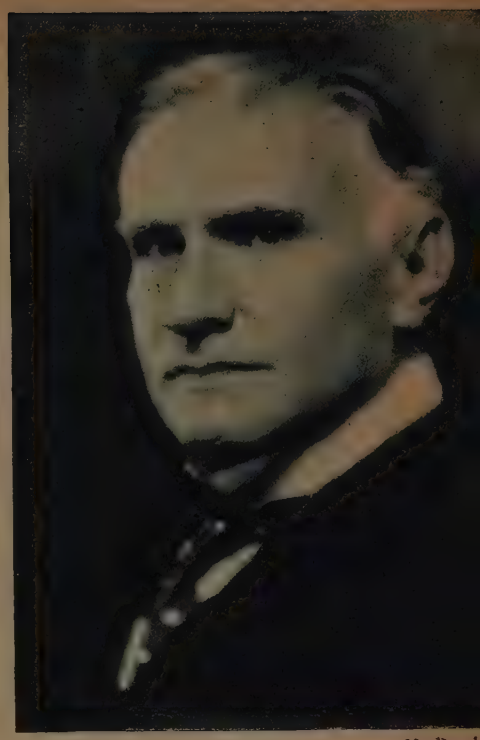
Eddie Foy waited thirty-six years. H... his début in 1869, at the age of fift... Chicago, as a vaudeville entertainer. ... he starred in "The Earl and the Girl."

Ellen Terry waited forty-nine years. S... her début in 1856, at the age of eight, ... Winter's Tale," at the Princess Theatre, ... under the management of Charles Kean. ... many years she was leading lady with ... Irving, but was not starred independent... 1905, when she appeared in "Alice-sit-by-t... at the Duke of York's Theatre, London.

Apeda

Henry Hadley, the young American composer whose opera, "Cleopatra's Night," has been successfully presented at the Metropolitan

Helen Curry, a young player of promise, who proved her ability in the title rôle of "Mary Broome" at the Neighborhood Playhouse



MacDonal

Walter Damrosch, who will be the sole director of a Spring Festival of Music, to be given on a gigantic scale at the 71st Regiment Armory

Campbell

RITA WEIMAN

The author of "The Acquital" has captured Broadway's fancy with her play which is now being presented at the Cohan and Harris

Monroe

RACHEL BARTON BUTLER

Who won the $500 prize offered by Oliver Morosco with her comedy, "Mamma's Affair," now at the Fulton Theatre

WITH THE PLAYERS, PLAYWRIGHTS AND MUSICIANS

Photos Maurice Goldberg

FOKINE AND FOKINA

The master of the Imperial Russian Ballet came to America to stage the wonderful ballet and the chorcographic scenes in "Aphrodite." He has been persuaded, however, to dance in public with his wife, Vera Fokina, and their appearances at the Hippodrome and the Metropolitan Opera House have been phenomenally successful

FOKINE AND FOKINA—GENIUSES OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET

From a photograph by Arnold Genthe

FRITZ LEIBER AS ROMEO

A young Shakespearian actor whose portrayal of Hamlet merited much praise, and who has more recently been successful as Romeo. A conspicuous figure of Robert B. Mantell's company, his voice and physique make him well fitted for the romantic rôles

A NEW ART OF THE THEATRE

The miniature groups of Dwight Franklin whose beauty and perfection of detail have astonished the art world

By PERCIVAL RENIERS

A NEW art has come to serve the theatre. I refer to the miniature groups of Dwight Franklin. This artist does no designing for the stage. Is he, then, comparable to the closet dramatist? Is his art to be classed with Gordon Craig's puppet super-actors which, to date, have served the theatre not at all? The answer is to be sought in the terms of those who pass before Mr. Franklin's miniature groups and exclaim, "What plays are these models for?" When they learn that they are for no plays, their "Why not?" must needs be satisfied by the explanation that they are "museum groups," which is high-sounding enough to account for their beauty and accuracy. For the remainder of the answer we may look, not alone to the artistic hints that these so-called groups hold for those who design for the theatre, but also to the store of practical information on everything from swords to architecture which Dwight Franklin has gathered together, enough to gain him the title of "theatrical archivist,"—did he wish it.

Seeing these groups, it is indeed difficult to realize that they are not designed for the theatre and its uses. Certainly, the technical nomenclature of back stage is consistently applicable to them, and may be invoked to explain both the differences and similarities between them and models for stage sets. One notes that the side walls of an architectural miniature are not "raked," since accuracy rather than perspective is the aim; and that his out-door sets need not be hampered by the necessity of "masking" for entrances. This, perhaps, makes up the small sum of differences, and these are slight and technical enough.

IN fact, one need only cite the similarities to be thoroughly deceived into thinking that these are theatre models. A cyclorama piece is invariably used for backing, and inside it are arranged the necessary set pieces. These are moulded in plaster or constructed of wall-board, or they may be ingenious combinations of burlap, sand, and glue to make anything from boulders to ships. The scale used in both types of modeling is, for all practical purposes, the same: an inch to the foot. As to the problem of lighting, it is here identical with that confronting the stage designer; both the scene and the figures within it must be effectively illuminated. And just as footlights have been found dispensable by the best technicians in our work-a-day theatre, so they have been found unnecessary in this work. Moreover, we find Mr. Franklin very effectively "painting with lights"; the quest for effective coloring is never satisfied until the work of the brush is supplemented by the color mediums of the electrician. And the appeal of the finished model is closely akin to that which makes the theatre and things theatrical, in heavy, medium, or less expensive doses, irresistible to most of us.

Dwight Franklin would seem, therefore, to follow closely in the footsteps of the scenic artist, unless there is something to be said for the manner in which he does it, and exactly in that manner lies the something. Much may be learned from the way in which he combines fact, fancy, and invention to catch and hold the eye of his audience. In their striking completeness, these groups are triumphs for the romantic spirit controlled and guided by the careful historian. But they are made for museums, for collectors, as permanent records of glorious deeds. How is the theatre concerned?

TURNING for a moment to stage models themselves, there appears to be some connection between good modeling and success in the completed stage set, which is not the truism that cold type makes it out to be, for there are those who disagree. In 1913, when Sam Hume collected an exhibit of stage groups in Cambridge, the models which stood out for their completeness came from the workshop of Josef Urban, then designing for the Boston Opera. In subsequent exhibits,—and there have been many,—the names attached to the best models have run somewhat as follows: Robert Edmond Jones, Lee Simonson, Rollo Peters, Willy Pogany. Always, when the untiring Mr. Urban shows his work, he leads the field. The mark of the well-trained craftsman is unmistakable in his models. The rich originality of his conception goes without saying. But for the most part, our exhibitions, while thoroughly interesting, have shown the touch of hands either careless or unskilled. True, this, in common with most conclusions, is not irrefragable, but the stage setting which elicits the pleasurable gasp of the audience is usually to be found in very complete and beautiful miniature in the studio. Certainly the artisans who build and paint from the model to the full size set cannot duplicate what the artist has omitted.

However, in 1913, when scene designing was given a new impetus in this country at the hands of the so-called "new school," Dwight Franklin was turning out his initial groups. From the first, careful workmanship was a perquisite of his art, for he was preparing work for museums, and the curator's eye must be convinced rather than filled. Then, and in the years between, he has been doing and learning things in "his own way." In the matters of thoroughness, coloring, proportion, and especially research, he has builded well. He does not seek originality, and it should not be expected by the observer. His contribution lies rather in his authoritative rehabilitation of bits out of the past, heretofore but vaguely conceived in the mind's eye.

ONE thing he has shown,—that care and historical accuracy need not cast a blanket over inspiration. As to the benefit of this work to the theatre, there is the answer, for the theatre must, in the name of progress, concern itself with all things artistic which may serve it a valuable turn.

Mr. Franklin's research embraces architecture, decoration, habits, furnishings, costumes, etc., but some of his most important work is in modeling of his figures. These form his ac groups for each *mise-en-scène*, the painted w thespians whom the artist has caught at climax of their scene, or in characteristic acti and held there for as long as wax will last: band of pirates jeering as their victim walks plank; elsewhere, Cortez, in cuirass and helm gazing down into El Dorado, his partners adventure behind him. Again, in the Byzant church of Santa Sophia, the Emperor Justini extends his crown to an attendant, divesti himself of the mark of royalty before proceedi to his worship. In one of the Viking groups, t weather-beaten king is charmed to old drea by his harpist; and we may jump to another a and find the Norman Crusader taking leave his lady. All, all of wax, these actors, so eas destroyed, cannot move from their dramat gesture unless the hand of the artist gives the motion. They cannot strike.

Scores of figures which Mr. Franklin has do he has dressed and draped, hatted, booted, a armoured. When the artist is in doubt about costume, it is made and fitted to a living figu before being molded and painted in wax. needs no saying that duplicating as he does his small folk everything from the pre-histor tribesman to the danseuse of to-day, Mr. Frankli has filled his studio with a wealth of researc material ready to the costume designer's han

COMING upon Mr. Franklin in his studio, on usually finds him engrossed in modeling o painting a wax figure, about six inches hig Once the visitor is seated (and this is not eas for there are so many things in the studio tha cry out for an audience), the artist continue with his work. Let us say his figure is Caesar There is no telling how the Caesar group started It may have been conceived as a whole or merel because the figure of Caesar seized on the artist' fancy. The details are as yet incomplete, bu there is a Roman tent, the figure of a centuria outside, and that of an amanuensis inside. Ad to these a small roll of parchment on a minia ture table, and the dramatic incident may easil be pieced together: Caesar in the field writin his account of the Gallic Wars. And so wit all the groups. They may have started from single figure, from a group of figures, or these in turn, may have been made to "fill in" a architectural set like that of Penshurst Castle England (15th Century).

The case for Mr. Franklin's position as a artist independent of the theatre is strong; hi freedom to develop his art as he chooses canno be gainsaid. At the same time, he can, an does, serve the theatre as advisor and critic And the miniature groups, whether in museum or the studio, are always there for the perso seeking information, inspiration, or pleasure They need no interpreter. To be of service their designer need merely point to them as he would say:

"There is my theatre. If it can be of any help to yours, you are welcome."

Paul Thompson

A Norman Hall, England—date 1190. A crusader taking farewell of his wife before departure to the Holy Land. Group now in Museum of European Culture, University of Illinois

A Viking Hall showing a harpist playing—a group showing a wealth of interesting detail

(Right)

Interior of Penshurst Castle, Kent, England, a group now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art

BEAUTY AND ACCURACY IN DWIGHT FRANKLIN'S GROUPS

(Left)

HELEN LEE WORTHING

A highly decorative member in the cast of Ned Wayburn's Song Scenes, who contributes a dancing bit

(Below)

HELEN HERENDEEN

Besides being the largest theatre in the world, the Capitol can boast of having an unusual assembly of beauties. Here is one of the stateliest of them

Photos Abbe

SUZANNE MARION

Patches and baggy trousers only add to the prettiness of this frolicsome member of the Capitol chorus

SOME OF THE PRETTIEST GIRLS AT THE CAPITOL

CLOTILDE AND ALEXANDER SAKHAROFF

Two new disciples of Terpsichore who, in a recital at the Metropolitan Opera House recently, proved their originality and versatility as exponents of the dance

Photos Maurice Goldberg

THE SAKHAROFFS MAKE THEIR DEBUT

(Right)

GRACE VALENTINE

Remembered for her clever characterization of the mannequin in "Lombardi, Ltd.," returns to Broadway shortly, under Oliver Morosco's management, in a new comedy entitled "Seven Miles to Arden"

Charlotte Fairchild

(Below)

MARGARET LAWRENCE

Who is co-starring with Wallace Eddinger in one of the comedy successes of the season, "Wedding Bells," at the Harris

TWO DELIGHTFUL COMEDIENNES

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

LITTLE. "MAMMA'S AFFAIR." Comedy in three acts by Rachel Barton Butler. Produced on January 19 with this cast:

Tommy Hooper	Little Billy
Henry Marchant	George Le Guere
Eve Orrin	Ida St. Leon
Mrs. Marchant	Katherine Kaelred
Mrs. Orrin	Effie Shannon
Dr. Brent Janson	Robert Edeson
Mrs. Bundy	Amelia Bingham

PSYCHO-ANALYSTS, treasuring theories about the "subconscious mind," a "complex" or two, "inhibitions" of various nature, and other such Freudian convictions, will revel in "Mamma's Affair." "Mamma's Affair" is the Harvard prize play, which won for Rachel Barton Butler, its author, the $500 offered by Oliver Morosco. Its presentation on the opening night of the quaint and artistic, remodeled Little Theatre, turned the occasion into a social function.

There isn't a doubt about it—"Mamma's Affair" deserved the prize. Another prize should be awarded to the company of old-time Broadway favorites which injected the life blood into the written creation. "Mamma's Affair"—which title, by the way, is inept and weak—is a comedy of the subtle type, and reminds one forcibly of "Tyranny of Tears," in which, a number of years ago, Laura Hope Crews was cast as the tearful hypochondriac. There isn't anything particularly original about the Harvard prize play. One cannot help but detect the overpowering desire on the part of the author to play up to the multitudes, and to discern traces of the familiar comedy which the public likes—a slangy little urchin, who talks about "frails"; a motherly, philosophical housekeeper, with an Irish brogue; the effeminate youth who goes a wooing. But all of this does not make the play any the less entertaining or amusing.

So far as sheer personality is concerned, the outstanding figure in the cast is Effie Shannon, who was aggravatingly genuine as the sentimental hypochondriac, who saps the vitality of everyone in her immediate circle by her languishing cravings for constant attention. Miss Shannon evidently studied at close range certain types of women who must live at a high nervous and emotional tension every minute of the day in order to be happy. Otherwise, she never could have revealed their idiosyncracies — mawkishly sentimental and annoying traits and mannerisms—as convincingly as she did the opening night.

Robert Edeson, always cast in rôles which picture him as the strong-minded male hero, dominating the woman with whom he is in love, plays the shrewd doctor called in to attend "Mamma." In a glance he divines the entire family situation, and decides to come to the rescue of the young daughter, who has become neurasthenic as a result of catering to her mother's whims. He isolates her from the rest of the family, wins her back to her former, robust self, helps to develop her character, and, incidentally, causes her to fall in love with him. Mr. Edeson dotes on this kind of rôle, and, it goes without saying, he made good use of all its possibilities.

In the early part of the first act one was led to fear that Ida St. Leon, as the self-sacrificing daughter, was going to be a bit colorless in the part, but, after she shows how a girl acts in the first throes of a nervous collapse, before the curtain falls on this same act, this fear is dissipated.

Katherine Kaelred is a bit too vampish and too high-tragedy-queenish as the emotional friend of "Mamma"; Amelia Bingham forgets at times that she is not handling a heavy rôle, and leads one to anticipate a big scene when none follows; George Le Guere is the anaemic lover. Little Billy, too obviously a man of about middle age though small in stature, likable in his way, should never have been cast as a little boy.

PLAYHOUSE. "THE RUINED LADY." Play in three acts by Frances Nordstrom. Produced on January 19 with this cast:

Dorothy Mortimer	Leila Frost
Dallis Mortimer	Richard Farrell
Jack Torrence	Freeman Wood
Julia	Helen Reimer
Bixby	Thomas Donnelly
"Bill" Bruce	John Miltern
Mrs. Potts-Thompson	Caroline Locke
Olive Gresham	Carlotta Monterey
Ann Mortimer	Grace George
Mayene Breslin	May Hopkins
"Cutie" Bird	Marie Bryar

THE Ruined Lady" is a triumph of personality in the lady herself and of a skill in handling slight material that would baffle any but the expert in stagecraft. It is a thoroughly enjoyable evening's entertainment, a play that Grace George could adopt in a repertory, impressive mainly as a revelation of her spirit and facility in comedy.

To take it too seriously would be out of keeping. It is a matter of no small concern to Ann Mortimer and her friends that she has been engaged to a man for eight years and can't bring him of his own motion to set a date. She has too much pride to take matters in her own hands. She lives in a home of her own with two adopted children, boy and girl about grown. He, well to do, is a neighbor, and they are constantly together, but he has come to regard her as a matter of course, and has dropped into calling her "Good old Ann," and "Old Girl." He does not say the word.

A spirited feminine friend advises her that she must arouse his jealousy. She has tried it, everything. Then, she must invite scandal and summon him to her defense. Nobody would believe any scandal about her. Then, she must compromise herself with him. This she does by going to his house one night during his absence at the Club and remaining all night. She has to remain because she has come in drenched by the rain and the kindly old butler will listen to nothing else. The master of the house returns. He finally realizes that she is "ruined" and says the word. But that is delayed by his belief, from what she says, that she has long been in love with some one else.

Of course, the whole action is playing with a situation, but the incidents pay for themselves. The logic of the developments is not always sound but the results in scenes, both in drama and in comedy, are diverting and effective. The slight material is broadened by the participation in the action and in episode by other characters than Ann and her slow-witted and slow-tongued lover. But it is Miss George who carries the play with an excellence of

comedy, excellent in comparison with anything she has ever done.

CRITERION. "PIETRO." Play in a prologue and three acts by Maud Skinner and Jules Eckert Goodman. Produced on January 19 with this cast:

The Court Interpreter	J. T. Chailee
The Bailiff	Walter F. Scott
Tomlinson	Robert Smiley
The Jail Matron	Madalyn Kent
The Bambina	Elizabeth
Pietro Barbano	Otis Skinner
Alfred Peyton	O. B. Clarence
Angela	Ruth Rose
Keith Oliphant	Thurlow Bergen
Keith Oliphant, Jr.	Robert Ames
Clark	William Bonelli
Padre Michetti	Clarence Bellair
Jarrold	George Harcourt
Miguel	Joe Spurin
Teresa	Mary Shaw

EVEN the fine art of Otis Skinner cannot give substance to the highly colored, very theatrical melodrama put together by his wife and Jules Eckert Goodman. Artificial and mechanical throughout the part of the Italian immigrant who grows to riches, was obviously built with Mr. Skinner alone in view. Poor stuff this for an actor of his experience and training. Past records justified us in expecting something better. Of the finesse of "The Honor of the Family," of the bold big art of "Kismet" there is nothing.

Yet the dignity and intelligence of Mr. Skinner's acting compels serious consideration of the play which starts with a prologue, laid in a court-house. The Italian—an immigrant speaking no English—is acquitted of the murder of his wife. He goes off a free man carrying his baby girl. Twenty years later we find him a millionaire in California. His bambina has grown into a fine girl, knowing nothing of the turbulent early life of her father. He has told her often of her mother and enlarged upon her saintly qualities with the result that the girl deifies her. Actually, Pietro believes that he did kill his wife for being cruel to the little baby and having other unsavoury characteristics. Of course, friend wife appears on the scene, and Pietro is plunged into a series of crises that recall youthful play-going at that mellow old theatre at 107th Street and Lexington Avenue, where Nellie and Chinatown Charlie and the rest of the ten-twent-thirt struggled and triumphed.

The piece is staged in opera-bouffe fashion; the tinkle of ukeleles serving to tensify the big moments,—all in all, a dramatic salad scarce fit to be the fare of a star of Mr. Skinner's reputation. Ruth Rose is a plausible, human enough daughter, and gives evidence of considerable natural talent. That fine actress, Mary Shaw, as the returning mother who upsets the tranquility of Pietro's household, was obviously miscast. yet as usual, acquitted herself well. Thurlow Bergen as a district attorney seemed convinced that he was acting in a burlesque. As hard-hearted and teeth-snapping a prosecutor I haven't seen since the Cohan parody of "On Trial."

FULTON. "BIG GAME." Play in three acts by Willard Robertson and Kilbourn Gordon. Produced on January 21 with this cast:

Joe	Charles Halton
Pigeon	William Morran
White	Reginald Barlow
LaFontaine	W. R. Maxson
Marie Smith	Pauline Lord
Larry Smith	Alan Dinehart
John St. John	George Gaul
Lizard	J. A. Curtis

A MELODRAMA that holds one is "Big Game," Mrs. Henry B. Harris' new offering at the Fulton. Well staged, admirably cast, and expertly written, it comes as near being a really good melodrama as the season has produced.

A young married couple are marooned during a several-day "snow" in a trapper's cabin in the wild northwestern Canadian forest north of Quebec. Marooned in the same cabin is a gay Lothario of the district, noted for his *affaires* with married women. He becomes smitten with the young bride, woos her against her wishes and finally embraces her. She repels him, calls her husband and hands him a gun, after telling what has happened. The husband, who is a tenderfoot and not accustomed to "do" his own justice, refuses to kill the lover in cold blood. The wife being a girl of the woods, takes for granted that her husband has failed to avenge her honor and prove his right to her by force because he is a coward. By the "law of the forest," therefore, she recognizes she has become the property of the lover who has proved himself the superior man, and she promises to go off with him when the snow lifts. The final curtain drops upon smoke still curling from the barrel of a Colt. We refrain from spoiling the fun by telling who takes friend wife away when the snow lifts.

A simple enough story, contributing nothing to the thought of the era, but withal entertaining, intense in spots, and amusing. If I were in a captious mood I might say that the end smacks unnecessarily of the circus, but why after all should such things be taken too seriously?

Splendid performances by Alan Dinehart, as the tenderfoot husband, an intelligent, dignified portrayal; Charles Halton as Joe, a rascally "Canuck"; and Pauline Lord as the young wife. George Gaul is picturesque in the rôle of the lover, but needs restraining. Reginald Barlow as White, the trapper, gives excellent account of himself, as indeed do all the other members of the company.

FORTY-FOURTH STREET. "FRIVOLITIES OF 1920." Music and lyrics by William B. Friedlander, additional songs by Harry Auracher and Tom Johnstone; scenes written and staged by William Anthony McGuire. Produced on January 8 with the following cast:

The Maid	Zelda Santley
Brownie	Henry Lewis
Francine Larrimore	Delle Darnell
Charles Cherry	Edward Gallagher
The Dancer	Doraldina

Frank Davis and Delle Darnell
Nellie and Sara Kouns
Henry Lewis
Barr Twins

WHETHER you call them Frivolities—the year is usually tacked on the title—Passing Shows, Follies or Frolics, they all bear a strong family resemblance. Occasionally they embrace a skit on some popular play or fad of the day, but the rest is just vaudeville features or songs rendered with an accompaniment of femininity, either gorgeously dressed out or divested of as much clothing as our present liberal laws will allow.

Such is Mr. G. M. Anderson's latest offering, under the title of the "Frivolities of 1920." It is an exceedingly comprehensive show, on which a very considerable amount of money has been expended, and in which a perfect regiment of principals, chorus men and women take part. Its artistic side, spectacular or literary, will not and probably is not meant to compete with other entertainments of its class. Its patrons will probably never seriously object that some of the color schemes violently screech out or that some of the lyrics and dialogue sound just a little raw to ears a trifle more refined. If I were called on to classify it, I should describe it as a typical "Burlesque Wheel" production stretched out to mammoth proportions. It is presented with snap, bustle and unflagging energy. Artistically, its best bit is "Omar the Wine-Maker," while variety specialties that

*Nance O'Neil (**extreme** right) in Benavente's play, "The Passion Flower," at the Greenwich Village Theatre. In this strong drama from the Spanish, full of fire and conflicting emotions, Miss O'Neil's acting was superb*

Photocraft

Apeda

Otis Skinner as Pietro and Baby Elizabeth as his bambina wait in the anteroom of the Court House, where Pietro is to be tried for the murder of his wife—a scene in "Pietro," recently at the Criterion

White

Grace George and John Miltern in "The Ruined Lady"—an adventure by Frances Nordstrom, at the Playhouse

PROMINENT PLAYERS IN NEW OFFERINGS

provoke popular response are contributed by Henry Lewis and Edward Gallagher, the Kouns sisters, Doraldina, the Barr Twins, graceful, pretty dancers, and Frank Davis and Delle Darnell.

CENTRAL. "ALWAYS YOU." Book and lyrics by Arthur Hammerstein, 2d; music by Herbert P. Stothart. Produced on January 5 with this cast:

Toinette Fontaine	Helen Ford
Bruce Nash	Walter Scanlan
An East Indian Pedler	Edouard Ciannelli
Julie Fontaine	Julia Kelety
Charlie Langford	Russell Mack
Montmorency Jones	Ralph Herz
A Mysterious Conspirator	Bernard Gorcey
John Summers	Anna Seymour
Thomas	Joseph Barton
A Waitress	Emily Russ
Dancers	Cortez and Peggy

"ALWAYS YOU" is a musical comedy compounded according to the most approved formula. It does without a plot and substitutes therefore an unlimited number of jokes like great-grandmother used to make, together with some dance and much song.

The song part is rather the most successful. Herbert P. Stothart has contributed to the festivities several pleasing jingly and jazzy tunes. They, too, are almost meticulously unoriginal. The falsetto-tenor, for instance, ends the song which names the play exactly as McCormack terminates your favorite phonograph record—the one in which he so persistently hears somebody calling him, but never tells us what.

And that, by the way, is much the sort of humor which will (if anything does) make "Always You" famous. "What," says the *jeune premier*, "do you say to a tramp in the park?" And the ingenue retorts, "I never speak to one."

Ralph Herz, as the maltreated valet of a wartime subordinate, supplies most of the laughs and eventually delivers one of his characteristic chants on "Woman." The more obvious clowning of one or two others in the cast is far less successful than the seasoned Mr. Herz's. Russell Mack is a generally pleasing juvenile

Naturally, the piece runs to women, noteworthy among whom are Julia Kelety, as a French charmer; Anna Seymour, as a comic lady from Arkansas, and the girl (unidentified) at the left end of the chorus, who at one time appears as a most Mephistophelian vampire. The rest of the chorus, too, is well worth considering.

The story is all about some former soldiers—Americans—who return to France and are welcomed somewhat promiscuously by their French sweethearts. That is about as much as could be figured out

---

GARRICK. "THE POWER OF DARKNESS." Play in four acts by Tolstoi. Produced on January 19, with this cast:

Anisya	Ida Rauh
Akoulina	Marjorie Vonnegut
Peter	Henry Stillman
Nan	Maud Brooks
Nikita	Arthur Hohl
Akim	Fred G. Mories
Matryona	Helen Westley
Marina	Bertha Broad
Mitrich	Erskine Sanford
Simon	William Nelson
Bridegroom	Walter Geer
Ivan	Henry Travers
First Neighbour	Mary Blair
Second Neighbour	Grace Ade
Driver	Robert Donaldson
Police Officer	Richard Abbott
Best Man	Michael Carr
Village Elder	Milton Pope
Matchmaker	Noel Leslie
First Girl	Grace Knell
Second Girl	Mary True

THOSE interested in dramatic history will of course be grateful that the Theatre Guild has given them an opportunity to witness a very careful, earnest and interpretative study of "The Power of Darkness." I doubt much, however, whether the general appeal will be very responsive. It is not cheerful entertainment.

Apparently Bolshevikia today is not more bloody and hopeless than was the sordid bestial life among the peasants that prevailed in Russia, according to Tolstoi, thirty years ago. "The Power of Darkness" could not be more realistic if graphic presentment of barbarity, cruelty, murder and lust make for moving drama. If message there be, it is merely that crime induces crime and that confession is the only salvation for the soul.

But the co-operative players in all branches of the production have worked with fine sincerity. There is distinct atmosphere to the settings and in most cases full justice is done to the ill-balanced reformers' ideas of character. The easy going Nikita, who, criminally intimate with his employer's wife, whom he later marries, (she has brought about the murder of number one), and who still later seduces his stepdaughter and assists in the murder of their illegitimate child, is acted with full dramatic significance by Arthur Hohl. This agony of contrition in the final act is movingly expressed.

Marjorie Vonnegut, plays his half foolish paramour with a true understanding, and Frank Reicher as his father, acts the simple minded man of faith with convincing feeling. Erskine Sanford as a farmhand with a philosophic and kindly streak, and the very youthful Nan played by Maud Brooks were character contributions that call for the highest praise.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "THE PASSION FLOWER." Play in three acts by Jacinto Benavente. Translated from the Spanish by John Garret Underhill. Produced on January 13, with this cast:

Raimunda	Nance O'Neil
Acacia	Edna Walton
Dona Isabel	Clara T. Bracey
Milagros	Gertrude Gustin
Fidela	Alba de Anchoriz
Engracia	Helena Rapport
Bernabea	Aldeah Wise
Gaspara	Ridler Davies
Juliana	Mrs. Charles G. Craig
Estaban	Charles Waldron
Tio Eusebio	Robert Fischer
Faustino	Edwin Beryl
Rubio	Harold Hartsell
Bernabe	Charles Angelo
Norbert	J. Harper Macaulay

BIG acting and a big play. That is my judgment on Nance O'Neil in "The Passion Flower," and I'm prepared to debate it with all comers. Benavente's play ("La Malquerida") is not a common or garden drama, highly flavored, but a big comprehensive and revelatory psychologic study in Spanish peasant life.

Its form is Latin, where words, words well chosen to express the shaded meaning, are not considered a drawback. Its base is the unlawful passion of a prosperous farmer for his step-daughter, who hating him, suddenly finds that she too is the victim of a fate that has drawn them together. This unfortunate—it is not unwholesome—predicament naturally produces reactions on the wife and mother that make for some scenes of superlative acting strength, and like a lioness, Nance O'Neil leaps upon them. Were I to continue my metaphor I should say she tore them to pieces. On the contrary, she expresses them with an artistic power positively terrifying in its vivid force and with such a sweep of horrible rage and frenzy as to fairly stir the blood of the most hardened old theatre-goer. Nance O'Neil's Raimunda is a *tour de force*.

Staged with a nice suggestion of appropriate atmosphere, the company is admirable. Charles Waldron as the husband and Harold Hartsell

as a farm hand who commits a murder, that his master's passion may know no interference are both emotionally highly effective. Edna Walton does good work as the daughter while Mrs. Chas. G. Craig as a faithful and talkative old family retainer is rarely delicious. Worthy also of high praise are Robert Fischer, Charles Angelo, and J. Harper Macauley.

CENTRAL. "As You Were." Fantastic revue in two acts by Arthur Wimperis (adapted from Rip's "Plus ça Change"). American version by Glen MacDonough; lyrics by Arthur Wimperis; music by Herman Darewski; additional lyrics and music by E. Ray Goetz. Produced on January 27 with this cast:

Chase Clews	Hugh Cameron
Ethel Nutt	Ruth Donnelly
Pinkie Smith	Virginia Watson
Cuthbert	Stanley Harrison
Wolfie Wafflestein	Sam Bernard
Ki Ki	Clifton Webb
Gervaise	Irene Bordoni
Professor Filbert	Frank Mayne
A Marquise	Violet Starthmore

THAT the female of the species is highly predatory and has been so since the Garden of Eden days, is the cynical basis of "Plus ça Change," a French vaudeville by Rip which Glen MacDonough had adapted for Sam Bernard's American use under the title of "As You Were."

Mr. MacDonough's treatment is not very subtle, but as frank entertainment verging on the burlesque it is highly hilarious and gives Bernard opportunities of the most comprehensive kind for the display of his disingenuous methods of fun-making. As a result, the star, loyally aided and abetted by Irene Bordoni, she of the midnight eyes, are projecting a really capital show that will crowd the Central for weeks. As a production the representation is artistic and rich; it is a nice departure from the accepted methods of staging musical farce, while the chorus for refined good looks is more than out of the ordinary.

After Bordoni and Bernard are through with what they have to do, there is not much left for the others, but the eccentric Clifton Webb, the versatile Ruth Donnelly, the ingenious Stanley Harrison and the truly funny Hugh Cameron, all blaze out at times into moments of capital fun, while the Russian trio of dancers contribute an admirable number employing both strength and grace.

The score is just what such an entertainment demands. It is facile, fluent, easy and melodious with a real haunting strain to Darewski's contribution which serves as a *leit motif*. Those who remember Sam Bernard from his Weber and Fields days will appreciate what is in store for them in "As You Were," as the action takes the comedian in his proper self into the courts of Louis XIV and Cleopatra, with a side excursion to Athens when and where the Helen and Paris escapade created such an excitement.

MOROSCO. "Beyond the Horizon." Tragedy in three acts by Eugene G. O'Neill. Produced on February 3 with this cast:

Robert Mayo	Richard Bennett
Andrew Mayo	Edward Arnold
Ruth Atkins	Helen MacKellar
Capt. Dick Scott	Max Mitzel
Mrs. Kate Mayo	Mary Jeffery
James Mayo	Erville Alderson
Mrs. Atkins	Louise Closser Hale
Mary	Elfin Finn
Ben	George Hadden
Dr. Fawcett	George Riddell

THOUGH "Beyond the Horizon," by Eugene G. O'Neill, is termed a "new American tragedy," it is a tragedy which might occur in any civilized country of the world where marriage is a recognized institution. It interprets the misery which folows the union of a man and woman who are incompatible. In this particular domestic tragedy there figures an intellectual, a dreamer, a man with the soul of a poet, who marries a woman mentally his inferior.

She is a dullard, common, stupid, slovenly, uninterested in the world's progress, and lacking in amiability in the bargain. She isn't even a good housekeeper. Because of this dull creature, the dreamer gives up an opportunity to travel in the magic, far-off places of the world, a trip for which his soul thirsts. He remains at home to do farming, an occupation for which he is totally unfitted, while his brother, a born farmer, who would have made an excellent mate for the country girl, goes in his place. The dreamer toils unsuccessfully on the farm; is soon disillusioned as far as the woman he married is concerned, particularly when, in a nasty mood, she taunts him with the fact that she has never cared for him, but has always loved his brother, and, in other ways, reveals her mean and petty nature. He tries to derive a bit of comfort from his beloved books, and from the companionship of his little daughter.

The child dies, the wife grows still more slouchy and unattractive, and the husband, always poor in health, develops tuberculosis, and dies, still dreaming of "what might have been" had he taken to the road of his dreams, instead of trudging along the wrong matrimonial lane. The only difficult thing to understand is how, in the first place, a man of his mental attainments could have yoked himself to the clod of a woman he did. She certainly had nothing to her credit bu: a fairly good figure, and you frequently find a laundress or a scrubwoman who has that.

Richard Bennett, as the dreamer, could tug more effectively at the heartstrings if he had his part letter perfect, for his frequent slip-on on his lines destroys illusion; Edward Arnold of "The Storm" company was splendidly satisfying as the whole-hearted farmer lad; Helen MacKellar, also of "The Storm" company, might have been the woman for whom her rôle was especially written, so well does she fit in the picture; the work of Max Mitzel, as the bluff, seafaring, oath-hurling captain, certainly could not have been improved upon; Louise Closser Hale, as the crotchety old invalid, never put more or better humorous shading to her lines than she did in this performance; and Elfin Finn, a wee girlie, with remarkable poise for one so young, made quite a characterization of a rôle which might have proved trifling in the hands of a less capable child actress.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "Trimmed In Scarlet." Comedy in four acts, by William Hurlbut. Produced on February 2 with this cast:

Mrs. Todd (Mollie)	Peggy Payter
Nurse Maid	Luella Morrey
Mrs. Kipp (Ruth)	Mrs. Katharine Stewart
Revere Wayne	Lumsden Hare
Sally Pierce	Elizabeth Bellairs
David Ebbing	Sidney Blackmer
Housemaid	Gwendolyn Valentine
Archer Kingston	Albert Gran
Cordelia	Maxine Elliott
Charles Knight	Stanley Warmington
Janitor	Biron Eagan
Blackburn	Charles Hanna
Benjamin Ebbing	Montague Rutherford
Marie	Sylvia Newton

IT is indeed unfortunate that such a beautiful woman as Maxine Elliott should have to rely on such a feeble medium as William Hurlbut's comedy for her reappearance in these parts. If premises are absolutely false no conviction can result. A woman who deserts husband and baby to elope with a man whom she dismisses in a week, who then philanders about Europe for twenty

(Continued on page 220)

TURNING THEIR BACKS ON THE THEATRE

Former stage favorites for whom the footlight glamour has faded

By MARY MORGAN

BEAUX of the smart set of thirty years ago will read with reminiscent sighs, and sentimental looks backward, of Mrs. Brown Potter's permanent retirement.

Mrs. James Brown Potter as Charlotte Corday

Her retirement is not merely from the stage. She has said: "I do not want ever to enter another theatre."

The beaux aforesaid will be a bit shocked—they will say: "But it seems only yesterday" — to learn that the fascinating Mrs. Brown Potter's hair has turned snowy white. She has taken up what she declares will be her last abode above earth in the Isle of Guernsey. She has chosen well her home, for it is set in the loveliest garden on the island. Her home is near the house in which Victor Hugo lived and died. She lives there with her memories—memories of her mother, for grief of whom she left Ye Olde Bridge House at Staines; of Kyrle Bellew, her friend and co-star; of her vivid, picturesque, and for a score of years, successful career; of how the brilliant young woman from New Orleans, bride of Bishop Henry C. Potter's nephew, shocked the conservative and exclusive circle in New York by reciting *Ostler Joe* at a distinguished society function; of her début on the London stage when Wilkie Collins sent her a letter of thanks for her portrayal of Ann Sylvester in the play made from his novel, "Man and Wife"; of her return to America where curiosity crowded the playhouses with persons who wanted to see the society rebel turned strolling player; of her tour of the world as Camille and Cleopatra, and La Tosca; of her appearances as Miladi in "The Three Musketeers" and as Calypso in Stephen Phillips' "Ulysses."

THENCE her memory turns deliberately away, for she would not think of leasing the Savoy Theatre in London and producing there with Gilbert Hare, dramatic versions of "Cavallieri Rusticana," and of "Pagliacci." Nor upon her brief beginning of a tour in vaudeville in her native America.

The glamour of the footlights has faded for her. She has turned her back upon the stage. Not only upon the theatre, but upon any save the simple, dreamful life she has elected to lead. "I am content at last. In this quiet life I have found peace," she says.

"Never again will I live in a city," she affirms.

Her snowy crown of hair may be seen bending above a book by day, or in the outskirts of the group that gathers at the one hotel when a Spanish orchestra plays Debussy and Stravinsky.

Asked a Frenchman, guest at the hotel, who had known her twenty years ago in London, assisting her with her cloak. "Do you enjoy this solitary life, Madame?"

"I have no regrets, no longings," she answered with the ghost of the smile which had been one of Cora Brown Potter's enchantments. "Believe me, my friend, I am content."

There is a time in the lives in most players when the footlight glamour fades. A happy marriage may obscure it. Accumulating years may cast a shadow over them. The fortune earned by assiduous devotion to Thespis may beckon the histrion to a more serene life. Few of the acting fraternity desire to remain on the stage until the final curtain rings down.

Sir Henry Irving said: "I want to die in harness," and so he did. But Sarah Bernhardt turned from such a thought with manifest distaste.

"I would die," she told me, "in the country among the flowers. Perhaps at Belle Isle. I would want my hands to rest in those of my dear son and one of my grandchildren. And I hope I might utter some great sentiment that would be a guiding star in their lives."

At thought of dying as she has for sixty years lived, on the stage, she made a frank grimace.

CALVÉ, the greatest, because the truest, Carmen, wrote of her beautiful voice, which is still brave and sonorous, more touching and of a more intense sensibility than ever—doubtless in order that it may be the more regretted. "I have come to treat my voice as some winged, mysterious being, independent of myself. I believe that even if I lost it it would return to me on my death bed so that I might sing with my last breath. But after all, that is not happiness. I would have preferred to be the mother of five or six children. They would have been my lullaby."

That is the spirit that presages retirement. Calvé's withdrawal, if not achieved, is imminent. She and her husband, Alnor Gaspari, will go to her chatêau, on the terraced hill, at Avignon, in France, and will open a school of opera. Thus she will live among the traditions of opera and receive the homage of awed and adoring pupils. Even as deposed queens of Europe have lost their crowns but retain a group of loyal former courtiers.

Mary Anderson is still a chief figure on Broadway. Not the diagonal American street of ten thousand incandescents, but a village of one long, straight street in Warwickshire.

In the British Broadway, the once most famous and beautiful American actress lives in a content she declares is immeasurable. Thither Antonio De Navarro took her thirty years ago after their wedding at St. Mary's Chapel at Hempstead. Their home is Court Farm. They have two sons who have reached man's estate. Incredible as it seems to those who have vivid memories of her, Mary the magnificent, is in her sixty-first year.

When Mrs. De Navarro visited this country with her husband to offer such suggestions as she could to George Tyler in the production of the dramatization she and Robert Hichens had made of his novel of the Sahara, "The Garden of Allah," she talked to me of her old footlight-illumined life and her present daisy-circled one in English Broadway.

© Dupont

Mme. Calvé as Carmen

The once superb Parthenia-Galatea-Juliet said: "I had never liked the stage. I adopted it solely as a means to a living. My failing health increased my distaste for it. Though it may be that my increasing distaste for it caused the ill health.

It came to me that walking to the stage to be gazed at by any beholder who could pay for a seat in the theatre held an element of indelicacy. It seemed to me there was something of indecency in it. My dislike for what seemed to me personal exhibitions, grew. The thought tormented me. It helped to bring about my physical collapse in 1889. It really determined my leaving the stage."

During thirty years of quiet English life, Mary Anderson De Navarro says she has never regretted that she forsook the footlights. For her their glamour has faded, indeed.

BESSIE TYREE was a delightful comedienne of the Lyceum Stock Company. Subsequently she starred and evolved to the dignity of Elizabeth Tyree. Fortunately, or unfortunately, she met James Metcalfe, an owner and dramatic critic of *Life*. Now she may be seen at first nights in New York, but not her own. She is a silent critic, sitting beside her husband, holding his hand now and then under her brocade cloak, but refraining from comment upon the performance and performers. Miss Tyree is a contented ex-actress. "Nothing but misfortune would send me back to the stage."

Charles Richman, a one-time matinee idol, who made his first hit on Broadway some twenty-five years ago as the Christ-like Gottwald in Gerhardt Hauptmann's dream play "Hannele," is another successful player who has turned his back on the theatre. In 1918 Mr. Richman left the stage and joined the New York Life Insurance Company, with such success that in December, 1919, he was twice top-notcher among the company's agents.

Ida Conquest, a Broadway favorite not so many years ago, is the wife of Chevalier Bertelli, son of the Admiral of the Italian Navy, and himself the head of a bronze works in New York. The former Miss Conquest, a little ampler grown, but no less beautiful, says: "I have forgotten I was ever on the stage."

White

Little Billy, Amelia Bingham, George LeGuere, Effie Shannon, Ida St. Leon, Katherine Kaelred and Robert Edeson, who make up the cast of "Mamma's Little Affair" that won the Oliver Morosco prize of $500. It is now being presented at the Fulton Theatre

White

Florence Moore and C. Hooper Trask in an amusing scene from "Breakfast in Bed"

Photocraft

Jack Donahue, an eccentric dancer, who is the chief reason for the success of "Angel Face"

COMEDIES—WITH MUSIC AND WITHOUT—HOLD THE BOARDS

A STAGE HAND ON ACTORS

An unconventional interview with a scene shifter at a leading Broadway theatre

WHAT I think of the actor, eh? Ummm. You don't care what I say, do ya? Alright, sit yourself down here where nobody'll be listenin'. That's one of the bad habits them actors have, they're always listenin' round the corner. That's why I asked ya to come out here in the alley. This is where the crew usually gets together, in the alley, back-stage. Back-stage, ya understan', is everywhere to the north of the footlights. To the southard of 'em lies the land of the suckers, the land o' heart's desire, as the high-brow calls it. We steer by the boss' office, that's the compass of the stage-crew. O'course, I'm only one of 'em, but I've been pushin' and haulin's scenery round for many years, so I kin speak their language. It's different from the actors' talk. To begin with, ya must understan' what a stage-crew has to do.

"We're nothin' for looks, but that's not our part of the show. The stage-crew handles the heavy work of the actors' trade. When the curtain's down, we take charge of the stage. The actor clears off. We fix everythin' for him, so that all he has to do is talk pretty. I don't wanna go into the question of the recent strike, but the stage hands didn't go out because of sympathy for the actor, I'll tell ya, you can be dead sure of that. We were union men, we were called out, an' we obeyed. Maybe some of us took some satisfaction in makin' the actor realize that he couldn't do much without us. Anyhow, we didn't give that excuse, but we sort of got even with the actor in many ways in that strike. Ya must understan' that the stage-crew ain't got nothin' against the actor, only we ain't got no sympathy for him. All that sympathy bunk wuz actors' talk. Why should we have any sympathy for 'em? Have they got any for us? Not so as you could notice it.

LEMME tell ya somethin', an actor's idea of a stage hand is just about what most people think of a longshoreman. An' listen, that ain't got nothin' on a stage hand's idea of an actor. An actor is like a lost kid, a good feller gone wrong, a regular mystery to the stage hand. He's part of a good show or a bum show, a bit of movin' scenery. I often wonder what would become of a lotta guys what go wrong, if they couldn't go on the stage. But, I don't wanna be no knocker, and I don't suppose you're interested in knocks. O'course, it don't make much difference what I say, anyhow, 'cause the actor don't think the stage hands knows anything, anyway.

"Listen, I'll betcha a stage hand knows a good actor from a bum actor by just givin' him the o. o. onct. After you've set up heavy shows and light shows, shows with live animals and real water, ya begin to wonder where the actor comes in at all. It's imagination, that's how he dopes it out. That's alright, if he kin do it, let him git away with it. But how kin he? That's what I want to know. Gee, but they're wonders in their way. I watched 'em come an' go off the stage, no matter how rotten they are, they're always chesty. They swell up like baloons as soon as they're all dolled up. No use talkin', as soon as a young feller rubs elbows against the wings behind the scenes, he's set for life. He's got to be an actor, or bust. He's just like performin' animals. Soon's the lights go up on the show, he wants to act. There wuz a camel in the show I wuz with what did nothin' but sleep and chew all day. When it come time for the curtain to go up, my how that camel would light up. Onct you git that way, I don't believe you ever git over it. Not that we are boons, ya understan'. We kin enjoy a good show as well as the next guy, and there are some good actors, but they're all kinda queer. An actor is a curiosity. He's got strange ideas about himself. They're some classy bunch to look at, I'll tell the world. There's a class distinction, ya understan' back-stage what ain't got nothin' on high society.

TAKE the star. Gee, he's an awful nut. He's the boss actor of the show, and he sure is dead stuck on himself. I don't exactly blame him, but it makes ya sick the way he walks around back-stage, just as if he owned the place and sometimes, he ain't got a cent to his name. He sure does git on my noives. He can't dress himself even, he has to have a dresser. The way that dresser follows him round with a powder puff in one hand, and a highball in the other, so's to keep him happy while he's performin', is a caution. The whole bunch of 'em are jealous, jealous of their getups. They're human in one way. Some of 'em is hitched and has kids which gives 'em somethin' to think about besides their parts, but, in another way, they ain't human at all.

"An actor kin break his heart twice a day in a show, and eat three meals, if he's got the dough and sleep more than any other livin' thing I ever seen—unless it's that long, snaky animal they call the crocodile. Honest, I don't see why an actor needs so much sleep. It ain't because he works hard, but he sure needs it. We know, cause if he don't get his sleep, he's peevish-like. That's what we stage hands calls it. The actor calls it 'temperament.'

IT'S a funny thing, 'temperament' is. We had an argument about it in the alley here, back-stage. An actor gits 'temperament' just as a goldfish gits it. A goldfish begins to flop around, splashes about, kinda crazy, and then gits over it. It's imagination, I guess. I seen an actor all but froth at the mouth, because another actor beat him to the center of the stage. Some says that the best actors is all temperament, that they couldn't act unless there wuz somethin' wrong with 'em. Back-stage, hysterics is somethin' ya see every day. An actor loses a button, he has one of 'em fits, and then he kin act to beat the band.

"They're a funny bunch, them actors is. Money ain't all they want. A million bucks in his mit don't do an actor no good if ya got his name spelled wrong on the program. No siree. It's an insult, that's what it is. It don't affect his pay, but it sure hurts his 'temperatment.' They're a touchy bunch. You just tell an actor he's rotten and see what happens. He'll come right back at you and tell ya why he's the best actor in the show. Ya gotta treat 'em like kids. That's why the manager wears kid gloves. If ya don't he'll get 'temperament' and won't act on the stage at all.

"There are a few quiet nuts among 'em, old hickories they are, too. They're what we call the old reliables. It's like this, they've been around the show shop so long that all foolishness is wore off 'em. It takes those actor ginks a long time to realize that the theatre is a kind of a factory, not one of 'em art studios. Nixie on that art stuff, says I. Them highbrow actors, you can't do nothin' with 'em.

"Honest, I sometimes wonder why people go to the theatre, and I guess I got it doped out. There's a lotta people in the world waitin' to get a peep at somethin' they ain't got no right to see. Some of these new plays is reg'lar peep shows. Do you git my drift? It's "Up In Jennie's Boudoir," or "She Ran Away For Love," or "Be As Naughty As You Dare," plays of the peepin' kind. Well, whatcha gonna do about it? People wants 'em, they git 'em. But, honest to goodness, ain't it awful when you think it over? Yep, I know, there's other plays, but I doped it out this way. That highbrow stuff wuz alright for the good old days when Sir Walter Raleigh was wise to the ways of a queen, but that stuff's all wrong for the big time. Lemme tell ya, I seen actors play Hamlet till ya heart would break, watchin' 'em talkin' to themselves, just as if there was an audience listenin' to 'em. And I seen a queen in tights with a voice like a wild canary, refuse a pay envelope of $1,500 a week. She knew where she could git more. Get me? How do they git that way? What's the use of believin' one actor is better than the other?

ALL actors is good or bad, but who knows which is which? The critics, you say? Fudge! They're only dead heads. Listen, I never seen a gink what got a pass to a show but what lied about it after. You meet a dead head and he says to you, 'Much obliged,' and, 'When's the next show comin' off?'

"What a stage hand thinks of an actor ain't much, anyhow, but we sure have a chanct to get on to 'em. We see 'em from the foist shock at rehearsals to the fade away. You know how an actor works? He always makes me think of a tame squirrel, sittin' up for peanuts, when he's at rehearsal. Only, instead of peanuts it's the handout that he wants. Didja ever notice an actor swell up for a curtain call? He takes it just like as if he won the war. When the curtain is down he says, says he, 'They're awful chilly tonight, only three curtain calls.'

"It's a great life, because an actor never weakens. He's there, no matter what the newspapers say or don't say. He reasons like an ostrich, never wants to hide, not he. There's another strange thing about them actors, if he is out of a job, he's restin'. That's alright, let him rest, says I. But the strike of the stage hands wasn't for him, and that's flat."

From a portrait, copyright, Alfred Cheney Johnston

MARJORIE DAW

The delightful young ingenue who won prominence on the screen as Douglas Fairbanks' leading woman, has been elevated to stardom. Under the Marshall Neilan banner she appears in "The River's End"

WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

TWENTY years from now, a serious-minded historian with an eye for research can deduce the signs of these times from the moving picture output alone. They are reflected as clearly on the screen as they are in the headlines of our daily newspapers. For, just as the first outbreak of war brought forth numberless films of the "Hiss the Hun" variety, so the aftermath of the war has given us countless melodramas dealing with the "Red Peril" in America with all the scarlet lawlessness and purple melancholy of Russia brought in by way of local color.

Now we confess that we have been left perfectly cold by most of these screen "warnings." We are no longer impressed by the figure of the young weakling who, though perfectly sound at heart, is nevertheless led into Bolsheviki wanderings by a radical siren in a Greenwich Village smock where he is prepared to shout that all property is theft and rushes out to burn down the City Hall.

Occasionally, however, a film appears, so vivid and forceful in its presentation of our national peril that it is a significant contribution to the much needed propaganda against alien influences. And such a film is "Dangerous Hours," which was adapted from a story in a popular weekly and put into film form by the Paramount-Ince Company.

THE tale might easily have been exaggerated until it became one of the wildest of film melodramas. They had all the ingredients—the susceptible youth who leaves his New England home to fall into the clutches of New York "reds"; the beautiful bobbed-haired adventuress who sows the seed of radicalism and the sweet young thing, who in addition to being a home-loving body, is also a capitalist and owns a factory of her own.

With this material Thomas Ince might have made a ten, twenty and thirty thriller with inflammatory sub-titles guaranteed to appeal to the gallery. Instead he has evolved a thoughtful, intense screen drama whose main strength is in its restraint and the horrors which he only hints at and does not exploit in his scenes. Much credit also belongs to the cameraman who has developed these scenes in an amazing series of Rembrandt lights and shadows. The actors, too, have done their part in playing their rôles simply and naturally without taking advantage of the opportunities to rave so generously offered them. The honors are divided between Barbara Castleton as the noble example of American womanhood, Lloyd Hughes as the misguided young hero and Walt Whitman as the father who stands aghast at the spectacle of changing times and manners.

ANOTHER film of the month which stresses strongly the need for patriotic propaganda is "The Land of Opportunity," which was produced by Selznick. Like the story sketched above, it has for its theme the career of a young American who is lost in the chaos of new ideas resulting from the war and who has wandered far from the traditions of his fathers. He is brought back to right thinking by a picturization of the life of another young American, a poor young man who stands in American history as the triumph of determination and genius over almost insurmountable barriers—the life of Abraham Lincoln.

The story has been very briefly done with a simplicity which suggests Drinkwater's famous stage version of the same immortal biography. It was not the result of acting or direction or photography alone, but rather a merging of all these elements into a suggestive and significant picture. And so highly was this effort regarded by Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, that he arranged to have the picture shown in Washington before members of the Senate and the House Educational Committees, who regarded it as an important part of the fight against the menace of the "reds."

OF course, the entire month's output was not devoted to serious propaganda. And among the most cheering of the frivolous films was Mary Pickford's screen version of "Pollyanna."

Mary Pickford was the original "glad girl" long before Eleanor Porter decorated the fiction market with her tale of a hopelessly optimistic heroine. She has been comforting weeping children, uniting husbands and wives and brightening the corner where she was, ever since she has been on the screen. So it was inevitable that when this "six best seller" reached the screen, she should be chosen to play the heroine.

And the choice was fortunate, for it resulted in one of her best and most characteristic pictures. Much of the sweetness and light which became oppressive in the novel and the stage play has been modified by really amusing comedy and by the bits of New England local color which could be given only on the screen.

Everyone who likes Mary Pickford has read Pollyanna, so it is not necessary to sketch the plot. In fact, there is very little plot to sketch, for the film is rather a series of rural episodes told against a delightful New England background. There are times, it is true, when you are inclined to sympathize with Pollyanna's aunt, who says, "If I hear that word 'glad' again I'll punish you." But on the whole it is the most entertaining Pickford film since "Stella Maris," with Mary at her best in her inimitable mimicry of childhood.

ANOTHER festive little comedy was "The Blooming Angel," adapted from Wallace Irwin's story and produced by Goldwyn. It featured Madge Kennedy as the energetic young bride who guides the destiny of a lovable but unenterprising husband. The invention of a world-famous complexion cream and the intrusion of a very talented elephant helps to confuse the plot. Sheer nonsense it is from the first reel to the last, but the sort of refreshing and stimulating nonsense that you would expect from a combination of Madge Kennedy and Wallace Irwin.

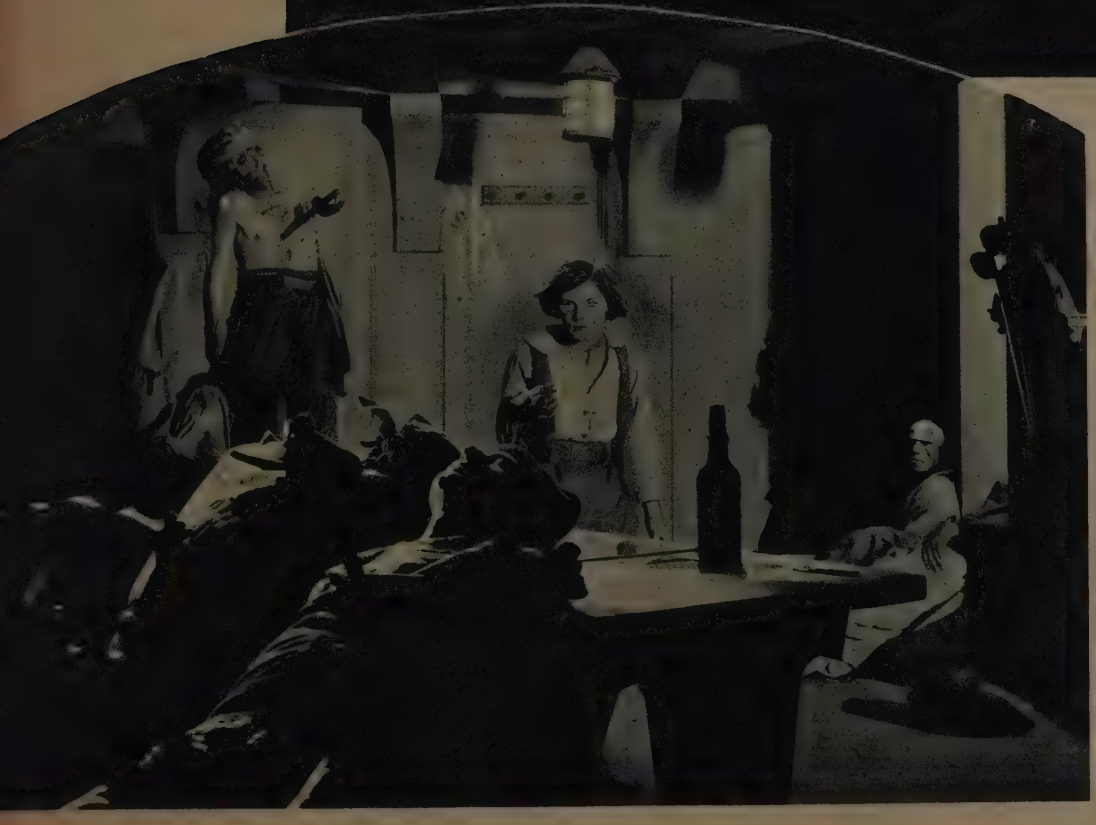
REALART presented Alice Brady for the first time in a melodrama which borders close on tragedy. "The Fear Market" is Amelie Rives' indictment of those professional scandal sheets which prey on the fears of society women who have imprudently permitted themselves to come under the head of "good copy." Alice Brady acts the daughter of this yellow journal's editor, and her plucky fight against the gang which plays the fear market gives her one of the most intense and dramatic rôles she has had on the screen.

BLANCHE SWEET was brought back to the screen by Pathé in a sentimental version of Bret Harte's colorful story, "Fighting Cressy." If you remember the Blanche Sweet of "The Unpardonable Sin" you will hardly recognize that crushed and hunted little creature in this buoyant young person of hoopskirts and drooping flower hats and brave words and fervent love scenes. The picture was staged in the original Bret Harte country, and the director has caught the true Western atmosphere of those hair-trigger days.

NO month in the Fox calendar is complete without its William Farnum masterpiece. This month it was "Heartstrings," that romantic musical story by Henry Albert Phillips. The musical theme is more or less lost in the meanderings of the plot, but the romance is never lacking, even though Pierre never returns to his violin. In close competition with the star is a baby whose name did not appear on the programme, but who had the audience with him from the moment he was first flashed on the screen. With his assistance, J. Gordon Edwards made the most of a somewhat trivial plot.

ALISON SMITH.

The pirates get the map containing the information about the hidden treasure and reach the entrance to the cave.—Maurice Tourneur's production of "Treasure Island," a Paramount Artcraft picture.



Jim Hawkins volunteers to go aboard the pirate's ship in search of the doctor's instruments and medicines. He finds that the pirates, in a drunken brawl, have killed and injured each other. Shirley Mason as Jim

STEVENSON'S "TREASURE ISLAND" A THRILLING PICTURE

William Courtleigh and Mary Pickford in "Pollyanna." John Pendleton catches Pollyanna taking apples from the tree on his grounds, and brings her into his house. There she teaches him the "glad" game, and he, recalling her mother who was once his sweetheart, names her "Memory Eyes." In this United Artists' picture, Miss Pickford has scored one of the biggest hits of her successful career

Campbell

ALMA RUBENS

Who plays a leading rôle in "Humoresque," a story of Jewish life by Fannie Hurst, dealing with the hopes and ambitions of a mother — a Cosmopolitan release

THE TALMADGE SISTERS

Constance, Norma and Natalie Talmadge—who have practically cornered the film market for popularity

Charlotte Fairchild

(Below)

HELEN WEER

A dainty ingenue who has been starred on the screen in "A Candy Courtship"

Abbe

WILLIAM S. HART

The bad man of the films in a new Paramount Artcraft picture, "By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them"

Left to right, R. H. L. Skinner, '22; A. T. Hill, '21; F. S. Stranahan, '21; B. K. Little, '23; Miss Catriona Cole, Radcliffe; D. P. Ferguson, '22; F. C. Packard, Jr., '20; D. T. Eaton, Unc.; and Miss Frances Tripp, Radcliffe, in a scene from "Erasmus Montanus," recently given by the Harvard Dramatic Club. Mr. Hamilton Condon is responsible for the unique and original setting—a super-conventionalized Danish Village

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

TWO NEW PLAYS BY THE HARVARD DRAMATIC CLUB

By CHARLES K. GORDON

THE HARVARD DRAMATIC CLUB, which has been inactive since the Spring of 1917, owing to the late war, has resumed its career. Its initial offerings, presented last December in Cambridge and Boston were Lord Dunsany's one act fantasia, "Fame and the Poet" and Holberg's three act comedy of Danish country life. "Erasmus Montanus." These plays neither of which have been produced in America before, embark the club on a hazard of new policies and new fortunes.

For the past decade, the aim of the Harvard Dramatic Club has been to fill the gap between Broadway and the budding playwrights of Harvard University and Radcliffe College. Only original plays, written by students or graduates, were produced. There were many worthy plays written at Harvard and Radcliffe that had no opportunity for production. This, primarily, was the reason for the original policy of producing only University plays, chosen by graduate judges.

But then, Professor Baker's famous "47 Workshop" came into being. In as much as the "Workshop" provided more thorough facilities for "tryouts" of the students' plays—it was only natural that they turned to Professor Baker to seek recognition.

WITH the advent of the war, the Dramatic Club temporarily suspended.

This season, when it reconvened, the new policy was decided upon. In the future, it will look to the works of great European dramatists for new plays, and will also stage translations of notable plays which have never been produced in America. University students, however, will not be refused consideration.

To Mr. J. W. D. Seymour, a graduate of Harvard and prominent in theatrical circles, much credit is due for his coaching the Club to success. In his senior year at Harvard, Mr. Seymour was president of the Dramatic Club.

In the spring, a new play will be produced and taken on a short tour, probably including a New York engagement.

Mr. Hamilton Gordon, of old an assistant to Mr. Livingston Platt, is responsible for the unique and original setting for "Erasmus Montanus," shown above.

Holberg's comedy of a super-conventionalized Danish village—such a one as we might imagine quaintly tucked away at the foot of a snow-capped mountain—would, of course, afford the scenery designer much scope for originality. Mr. Condon's setting is very interesting because of its brilliancy of coloring—reds, blues, yellows—and in the not too frequent use of flat tints, whimsical perspective, or no perspective at all. It is not unlike Mr. Peter's walled town in his setting last spring for Benavente's comedy, "Bonds of Interest," and recalls, somewhat, Mr. Simonson's background in the old French farce of "Maitre Pathelin," for the Washington Square Players. Fully as interesting are the homely simplicity and the soft colorings of Mr. Condon's costumes.

THE PLAYERS CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

AN AMATEUR ORGANIZATION THAT COMBINES ARTISTIC ACHIEVEMENT WITH COMMERCIAL SUCCESS

SEVEN seasons of successful play and opera production and a repertoire that ranges from Shakespeare and Maeterlinck to the best of the more popular modern writers is the record of the Players' Club of San Francisco, an organization that has entered its eighth season under most auspicious circumstances.

The Player's Club is an amateur organization which has managed to combine artistic achievement and commercial success to such a degree that this year it is occupying its own new little theatre, remodeled from an old church into an attractive and up-to-date building, seating 250 persons and equipped with a large and well-furnished stage, spacious greenrooms, dressing-rooms and other conveniences, and fully adequate for any but the most elaborate productions.

"Behind a Watteau Picture," as produced by the Players' Club of San Francisco, with Frederick Mitchell, Hilda Denivelle and Benjamin Purrington

A scene from the same play with Marie Louise Myers and William Hanley

There are at present one hundred active members of the club, all of whom are busily identified with the club's productions. Participation in at least one program during the year is required of active members, and those members not in the cast of any one production assist as ushers, scene-painters, stage hands or in a dozen different ways.

More than two hundred associate members guarantee the financial support of the club by subscriptions for season tickets. In addition to this support, the general ticket sale for the sold-out houses that are the rule, places the club beyond fear of financial wreck.

ENDORSEMENT has been given the club by a number of distinguished professionals who have accepted honorary membership. The list includes John Drew, Margaret Anglin, Otis Skinner Robert Mantell, Emelie Melville, Cyril Maude, William H. Crane and Henry Miller. Mr. Crane and Miss Melville have given active assistance in club productions, Miss Melville playing the rôle of the Queen in the recent production of "Hamlet" and Mr. Crane appearing in a special program at the Greek Theatre at the University of California, Berkeley, with the support of members of the club.

In all the club's productions, efforts are made to secure the most artistic and effective staging possible. An example was the performance of "Hamlet" which served as the opening bill of the present season, William S. Rainey, who has since left for New York to enter professional ranks, playing the title rôle.

One set served for all the scenes of the play. It showed massive columns at either side, a plain wall connecting these with the low platform that extended across the back of the stage. A broad flight of steps descended from this platform to the stage proper, and the entrances to the platform at either end were masked, at the one end with a repetition of the column motif and at the other with a short flight of steps at right angles to the platform. Entrances were hung with heavy neutral-toned draperies and the general tone of the scene was a neutral brown which permitted the use of changing lights. For the ghost scenes the stage was flooded with luminous blue, the outlines of the columns so softened by the dim light that the effect was that of moonlight night. The scenes in the castle brought the light full up, the brilliant colors of the costumes and the hangings of the throne, placed at the extreme left, adding the necessary note of life and movement. For the graveyard scene the only addition was a small group of conventionalized cypresses, built in dark silhouette, and placed to mask the highest flight of steps.

© H. R. Bornmueller

WILLIAM S. RAINEY as Hamlet gave a very careful and thoughtful performance, and notable work was also done by Marie Louise Meyers as Ophelia and Carl Kroenke as the First Grave Digger. The participation of Miss Melville as the Queen and of Clay M. Greene, an old-time professional, as the Ghost, added interest.

The second bill of the season included three one-act plays, "Behind a Watteau Picture" by Robert Emons Rogers; "Everybody's Husband," by Gilbert Cannan, and "The Locked Chest" by Masefield. Unusually interesting staging was worked out for all three of these plays, a striking pictorial effect being achieved by the use of draperies and simple settings. The screen method was used for "The Locked Chest," and for "Everybody's Husband," the entire set was of draperies.

The club has sought during its seven years of work to present only the very best plays that dramatic literature affords. During that time about two hundred plays have been given production, including plays of Shakespeare, Shaw, Maeterlink, Hauptmann, Galsworthy, Stephen Phillips, Masefield, Dunsany, Andreyev, D'Annunzio and other master dramatists. The best plays by recognized contemporary authors have been included in the repertoire, and many original productions by local writers have been made.

Musically inclined members of the club yearly present a series of light operas, opening this year with "The Chimes of Normandy." The operatic repertoire includes Gilbert and Sullivan operas, "Robin Hood," "L'Infant Prodigue," and similar compositions.

All of the dramatic work is under the direction of Mr. Reginald Travers, who has been associated with the club since its organization.

(*Continued on Page 213*)

ARTISTIC AMATEUR SETTINGS

By CLARENCE STRATTON

THE FOURTH IN A SERIES OF SIX ARTICLES, OUTLINING THE PRINCIPLES TO BE OBSERVED IN SECURING BEAUTY AND EFFECTIVENESS AT MINIMUM COST

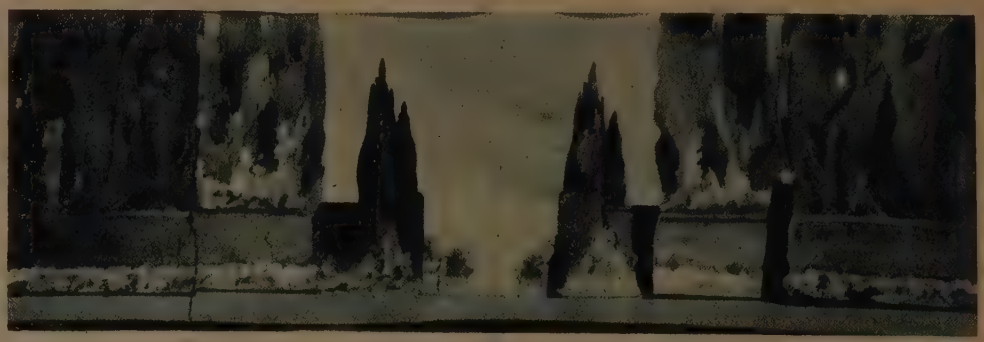
IT is perfectly possible—as some amateur enthusiasts assert—to present plays without any scenery. For certain dramas the end of a room which is large enough to accommodate the audience will serve admirably. If the actors can be plainly seen, not even a platform is needed. In many large houses three or four plays have been offered in a single evening with entirely different sets. This has been managed by having the spectators pick up their chairs and move from the bare billiard room to the large hallway to watch a short play presented on the stair landing, then to the conservatory to see, perhaps, Sutro's *"A Marriage Has Been Arranged."* M. Maeterlinck had his *"Pelleas and Melisande"* so produced in the old buildings of St. Wandrille, his home. But a series of such peripatetic productions would cease to be a novelty and become a bore. Also, a large number of most attractive plays and effects are barred entirely by such methods.

The mere terms "play" and "production" connote at least a stage of some size and scenery of some sort.

SO far as scenery is concerned the best starting point entails only four elements—the producer who knows exactly how he wants the play to be set, enough space to erect a good set, artistic ability to create the design or model, and enough material means to complete it.

Material means does not signify money only. It includes scenery already built, paints, lumber, canvas, blocks, draperies, rugs, and carpets, and the thousand and one things which accumulate in theatres and houses. In daring exhibitions of artistic ability in stage settings, amateurs far outstep professionals, who just now are adopting devices heralded by enthusiastic art directors, ten years ago. The most crying need of all amateur stages is space—space to the right, space to the left, space to the rear, and space overhead. Every producer must know exactly how he wants every play set, for every play presents problems of its own. The same kind of settings through an entire season would result in that reducer of the size of all audiences—monotony.

Never—if you can prevent it—allow any stage which you control to be loaded with the four conventional sets produced by professional scene builders acting on their own initiative. These include always a nondescript woodland, a park with a struggling putty group painted on the back drop, a "drawing room" with a wide archway, two doors, but never any windows, and fourth, usually painted on the rear side of the preceding, a kitchen. There is no denying that these sets may be needed at some time. But of you are connected with a school, college, club, or community center, block every attempt to get this "stock" when the building is completed. Have the money put into income bearing securities which can be promptly converted into cash to buy scenery as occasion requires. Or take part of it and drape the entire stage with beautifully colored curtains which will serve as attractive backgrounds for lecturers, musicians, dancers, yes—and many plays as well.



Model for design of set for a school stage, by Clarence Stratton. The finished scenery was used in "Love's Labor Lost" and "Twelfth Night"

DO not be led by over-enthusiastic praise in books into fixing upon your stage devices, which though excellent for houses needing them, may be merely extravagant white elephants for you. I have been told that the revolving stage in the Little Theatre of New York has been used mainly to convey furniture from the front to the rear at a speed easily equaled by the usual manner of handling. Do not have a permanent plaster cyclorama built until you have carefully considered all its possible interference with tackle for borders, border lights, ceilings, foliage, etc. For the number of times you are going to need it, consider whether a canvas drop will not do as well. In other words, keep your stage space as free as possible from all permanent encumbrances.

A draped stage will serve for hundreds of plays. If the hangings will take tints in lighting, almost any effect can be secured. Furniture, decorations, hangings, costumes, will fix the period and kind of place being represented. Curtains permit entrances at all points. If many sets are hung upon wires they should be arranged to move easily for quick changes. The business manager of the Benson Company of Stratford-on-Avon in 1914, discussed with me the production of *"The Merchant of Venice"* entirely before draperies. Judging from the few pictures which have reached this country, I believe that some such device is being used in part at least in the production of this play now running in London, with the New York actor, Mr. Maurice Moscovitch, as Shylock.

FOR period, poetic, romantic plays, draperies serve admirably. Difficulty arises as soon as modern, realistic material requires dressing. Windows and doors—at least modern ones—do not seem congruous in such unusual surroundings. So the producer and his art staff will have to turn to built interiors.

A built interior can be made just as beautiful as a curtained or tapestried one. If you have money build each interior as you need it, and make it exactly right for its purpose. If you are not affluent, do not be too pronounced in colors, style, architectural detail, and ornament. Let the built scenery merely suggest possible kinds of walls. Let your treatment by rugs, furniture, pictures, hangings, do all the rest. Build your sets always so that they may be used again and again, even without repainting. Producers who use and recommend screens for scenery will enforce this advice. Remember that rearrangement of pieces will produce new sets.

Your art staff must know much of the practical construction of stage scenery. The first principle is that all scenery should be worked from the stage floor. Pieces which have upon their edges two halves of hinges which are to fit together and be fastened by having a long wire nail pushed through the parts may be practicable, provided the highest hinge can be reached from the stage. If a ladder or box or chair is needed, that scenery is badly constructed. Any pieces taller than ten or eleven feet will likely not fit closely together at the top if this kind of fastening is used.

Model of scenery used on a school stage for "Twelfth Night" and "Comedy of Errors." The same trees were used as in the set illustrated above

SOME amateurs provide grooves on the floor and ceiling. This is a poor method because it makes all stage spaces the same size. When a groove has no scenery fitted into it, it is a certain stumbling block for performers.

(Continued on Page 212)

THE HOLLYWOOD COMMUNITY THEATRE

By GILMORE BEYMER

OUT in Hollywood, California, the "home of the movies," there is also, besides the silent drama, one the most notable little, or community, theatre's extant. The line of contenders, pretenders and just plain disputants may form to the right and file counter claims, typewritten on one side of the paper only.

The Hollywood Community Theatre's claims to pre-eminence aside from artistic merit (arguments are heating and useless because Hollywood won't argue; it admits that its theatre is pre-eminent) are based upon its survival through war and pestilence, its unbroken record of success—no production has been given but what the S. R. O. sign was out early and many had to be turned away—and because of its well-shod financial footing.

To say nothing of its being a simon-pure Community movement, a theatre which pays neither director, actors or producing staff, and puts all receipts into equipment, maintenance and productions. That's community spirit with a vengeance, as the saying is, though thus far—three years—there has been no cause for vengeance—all harmony and *esprit de corps* and that sort of thing. A quaint little community—what?

SPEAKING of receipts and such—last year over eleven thousand attended the six productions (the theatre seats one hundred and ninety-four) and more than thirty-five hundred had to be turned away for lack of room. Broadway managers take notice! The entire two weeks' production frequently sells out in the first twenty-four hours that the box office is open. To forestall telegrams of inquiry as to why only a two weeks' run if what is said is true (it is): it has been intimated that the actors are not on salary. They are—at least many of them—though not on the Community Theatre's pay roll. The motion picture players of Hollywood are community-ites and this is a community playhouse. Nevertheless, every night for two weeks and lots of rehearsals is going strong for such stars as Henry Walthall, Theo. Roberts, Wallace Reid, Raymond Hatton, Wilfred Lucas, Frederick Burton, Harry Mestayer, Julia Taylor, Louise Huff—*ad finitum* to the end of the story.

The one-act plays themselves are somewhat to be expected—that is, typical—little theatre plays—Barrie, Yeats, Molière, Maeterlinck, Tchekhov, Masefield, Dunsany—well mixed with the Americans—Ade, Bangs, de Mille, Guerstenberg, Arthur Hopkins and Glaspell. All exceptionally staged and admirably acted. Incidentally, Sir James Barrie last season cabled his permission to produce, "The New Word," and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." New York and Hollywood!

This, the third season, now half passed, shows a season ticket list of well over a thousand names from all over Southern California, and of patrons, "Contributing members," at $25.00 a membership, one hundred and sixty. No wonder the general public write and telegraph for seats weeks in advance.

The goddess of the machine—we meant to say it in Latin and forgot how—is Miss Neely Dickson, originator of this little theatre, sole director (there is a Board of Governors—for the program) and democratic despot. To her, and to her practically alone, is Hollywood indebted for the remarkable success of its Community Theatre.

(Center)

This scene from "The Lady With the Dagger" gains in effectiveness through its sheer simplicity. The play was produced at the Hollywood Community Theatre, under the direction of Neely Dickson, with setting designed by Mitchell Leisen

© Arthur F. Sales

(Upper)

The Hollywood Community Players, with their simple, withal exquisite stage set designed by Mitchell Leisen, have achieved an atmosphere of true Oriental splendor in this exquisite scene from Holland Hudson's pantomime, "The Shepherd In the Distance"

(Lower)

Maeterlinck, himself, could not withold his approval of this effective scene from his play, "Interior," produced at the Hollywood Community Theatre, under the direction of Neely Dickson, with stage sets by Grace Dickson

The Programme of Fashion

By PAULINE MORGAN

Hill's Studio

THE innate artistic and fashion sense of the actress is exemplified in this fascinating tea gown of ivory and crushed rose crepe and satin stripe, created by Frances for Justine Johnston, who will soon appear in a Broadway production. The gown is in one piece held in graceful folds over a pale coral under-slip with accordion-pleated skirt.

The regal length of the skirt is doubled at the lower edge and folds under to the height of the knee. This treatment of soft fabric seems to produce a most unusual result. A bit of silver tissue and rose chiffon becomes a fragile headdress, which completes the costume and is most effective against the harmonious lines of the old Venetian lounge.

The coatee is not confined to the street gown, but is used on the tea gown or negligée as well. It is not entirely apparent in the photograph, but the half fitted jacket of yellow chiffon, with a back panel of cream lace, is an enchanting idea for such a robe. The entire creation is of cream lace over pale yellow chiffon, further surmounted with the coatee, through which is glimpsed a two-toned satin ribbon of orchid and silver.

The headdress is the artistic and smart accessory of the season. Below is sketched one of Miss Johnstone's most recent ideas for formal evening wear. The cap of folded gold tissue, binds the head closely, and has a single black aigrette caught in front. A sheer gold mesh veil is folded in novel fashion over the chin and throat, and caught in tightly under the cap. With long jet earrings, an Oriental and stunning headdress is originated with great success.

Black chiffon with stripes of silver and black brocade blend deliciously together in designing a gown of unusual lines and color. This fragile gown is hung over an underslip of black satin which is held in slightly at the waist with a silver girdle. The cape-cut panel at the neck is edged with two rows of pastel colored ribbon, which reappear at the edge of the graceful train.

Robes Juveniles

Ira Hill

IRENE CASTLE, whose newest Paramount picture is called, "The Amateur Wife," continues to originate style. She anticipates the advance mode of bustle effects, and long sleeves

An exquisite pale yellow taffeta evening gown, embroidered in disks of brown and gold thread. The skirt folds about the figure and drapes to the side in a graceful opening from waistline to hem. This is a delightful new fashion, with a decided appeal to those who "do the light fantastic." An orchid corsage completes the color scheme

When black velvet is without ornamentation, and is fitted snugly to the figure, with a generous gleam of white skin at the neck, the wearer and the gown show to enormous advantage. Miss Castle is well aware of this, but changes the usual side drapery into a cunning soft bustle, foretelling a new fashion. Made by Harry Collins

Fawn colored duvetyn of slim proportions makes this charming street gown. A wide band of brown astrakhan ornaments the hem of the skirt, and two small pockets add a tailored effect. Hand-embroidered batiste collar and cuffs show which way the wind blows as a renewed style feature

Rober Gentiles

Hill's Studio

EDITH KING, one of the charming amouretics in the successful farce comedy, "My Lady Friends," is equally beguiling off the stage, in her smart frocks from Peggy McLeod's

Black taffeta charms us anew each season, and it is particularly appealing at the moment, when we wish a change from cloth and velvet. A cartridge pleated over skirt is attached to the straight narrow skirt, emphasizing the long waisted bodice, which fastens at the neck and opens over a crisp white organdie under bodice. A high turn over double cuff of silk and organdie finishes the long sleeve.

Wood brown duvetyn delicately embroidered in pale gold thread, offers a becoming and youthful new feature. The bodice which finishes at the normal waist line, carries a tiny Eton jacket effect on one side only, extending, just beyond the middle of the back. Little tufty gold tassels decorate the sleeve, and the front pleat opening of the skirt

Lovely gold and black flecked lace is the feature of the evening gown. It forms the bodice, and drapes into straight side panniers, which fall in fan shape. The lower edge of the skirt is held in with elastic

La Mode et les Chapeaux

If one of the high French collars is worn, the veil perforce takes on a longer line, and drops from the small hat to below the shoulder. This veil is adjusted from the back to the front, where it opens in Egyptian fashion allowing one to touch the face easily.

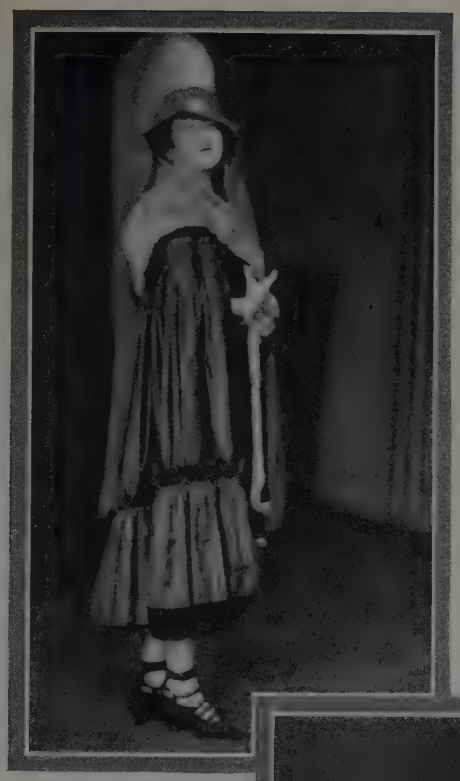
Hill's Studio

Royal blue goura fans, placed at a smart angle on the visca draped turban, tells the entire story! Two large jet pins add the finishing distingué touch.

A jaunty black split turban, flaunting a double black wing trimming is a clever bit of millinery for street wear. Miss Gordon states that the entire style of a hat depends on the way it is adjusted.

KITTY GORDON

who has been enjoying a whirlwind engagement in vaudeville, will appear shortly in a new play. Her great skill in wearing smart clothes is apparent in her new hats from Bruck-Weiss



Miss Gordon wears one of the smart new capes over her short-sleeved frocks. It is fashioned of black moiré, pleated and trimmed with squirrel. The lining is adorable and Frenchy, with corded grey chiffon and a frill at the bottom.

The tiny black satin hat is entirely covered with a heavy brown scroll veil, which drapes becomingly over the face. Two wispy hair quills at the right side are as fragile as lace, but are not easily broken

Veils are more alluring and more versatile this season than ever before! Frequently they are made in with the hat as a part of the creation, adding great charm and youth to the face. When Miss Gordon wears her small tan hemp and taffeta hat, with a bewitching lace veil arrangement, she will introduce a new fashion that is the forerunner of new uses for veils and laces. The lace scarf, lace mantilla, and lace mitts are all new fashion features introduced recently on the stage, which have been adopted by the smart women of fashion.

Tan hemp, combined with the same shade of taffeta, fits down closely over the head in Cavalier fashion. The lovely Chantilly lace veil of the same shade, is caught in at either side of the hat, and floats to the waistline. A diamond arrow holds the veil in place, allowing it to cross either in front or back in a sash bow. The sketch shows a Blue Bird straw, faced with black oilcloth, the fashionable new factor in apparel

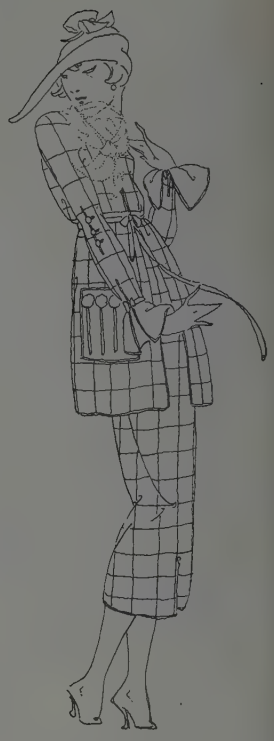
A PARIS FASHION POSTER

THREE-QUARTER LENGTH SUITS, THE LONG "GILET" AND THE DOUBLE WRAPPED COLLAR

By HOWARD GREER

Sage green tricotine, with overlaid silk braid of black. Straight bodice—no girdle, and fullness over the hips are features of the suit. Note the unusually high collar

"Gilets" are very popular at the moment with tailored suits. This one is of rose and silver brocade, combined with rose chiffon. The neck frill is of crepe de chine in the same tone, and the pockets are edged with silver



A smart frock of black serge, with crossed pin-stripe of white, seen on the Bois. The organdie collar that wraps about the chin in medieaval fashion, is a novelty

Pleated black mousseline and bands of glazed kid make the collar, bodice and skirt top of this afternoon frock. The lower part of the skirt is entirely of perforated glazed kid

An unusual afternoon dress of red taffeta; bands of skunk, and a sash of burnt sienna tulle. The neck is exposed while the collar is fashioned after a muffler, and wraps twice about the throat

Serge over white embroidered black satin. The circular cut tunic coat is very new, and is a design that may be carried out in linen or silk with splendid effect

MIGEL SILKS

ORIGINALITY—QUALITY

"A MIGEL SILK" "MOON-GLO"

Every phase of smart attire may be expressed in a "Moon-Glo" silk—be it the stunningly tailored toilette of "Moon-Glo" Crepe—or the fascinating little things native to the boudoir—so charming in "Moon-Glo" Meteor.

Smart shops simply delight in showing them.

Maker of
"Fan-Ta-Si" for Sportswear
"Pierrette" for Sheerwear
"Hindu" for Summerwear
"Moon-glo" for Everywear

Sole Maker

J. & M. Migel

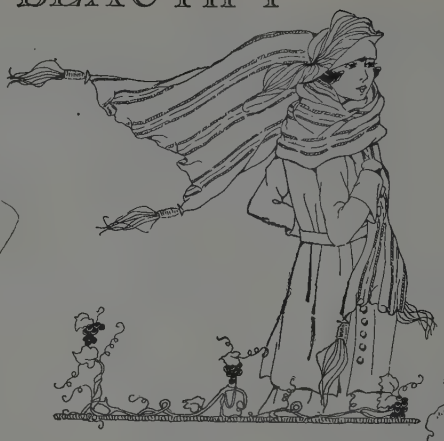
422 Fourth Ave., NEW YORK

TO YOUTHIFY AND BEAUTIFY

By ANGELINA

The youthful-line Betty Wales dress that Angelina bought, in dove grey taffeta with taffeta ruchings

A Betty Wales dress that while still youthful has a slightly more dignified line, so that it can be worn by both young and less young



Lengths of "Sylvanette"—the material comes knit in tubular form—weighted with tassels at the four corners make wonderful sport scarves. This is a rose "Sylvanette" scarf in one of the new drop-stitch patterns

Two of the supreme qualities of the material, "Crystal Knit", of which the above frock is made, are its remarkable durability and its draping capacities

HAVE you decided yet whether you are for or against the French shoes? That is the only momentous decision you'll have to make with regard to clothes this spring. For as to the French silhouette, there simply couldn't be two minds about it.

When I speak of the French silhouette I don't mean so much (like Humpty-Dumpty in "Alice . . ." I make words mean what I want them too, "neither more nor less") whether skirts are to be very short or medium, whether they are straight or bouffant, whether sleeves are short or long. All these items are in the frocks for spring. One manner will be considered as smart as the other. But I mean the general air of youth, the little-girl look, the pinafore atmosphere that Paris has been infusing into everything for the last two years.

To Paris is due the credit for the original idea. But I think America has cleverly improved on it. At least she has modified and adapted it to her needs, and taken off the *extreme* look.

* * * * * * *

All these very deep thoughts were inspired in me by seeing some of the new spring models of the Betty Wales dresses. You've all heard the name "Betty Wales," of course. And you probably associate it with a type of dress intended for young girls, for "sub-debs" and "debbies" *et al.* It was that in the beginning. But the frocks were so chic, so simple and youthful in their lines that older women—under the above-mentioned French influence—who could wear misses' sizes, began to buy them also. Those whose figures were too mature to do so lamented the fact to Betty Wales. And so this year she has made frocks for everyone, mother and daughter, adding larger sizes and a bit more dignified designs to her stock, still preserving, however, the youthful appearance on which the Betty Wales' dress made its original reputation.

I had a special invitation to see these frocks displayed on mannequins at the Betty Wales' Studios, before they were sent out on their noble mission of youthifying and beautifying thousands of women all over the country. And what charming frocks they were! And what nice, nice prices! The little checked gingham frocks, so sweet and simple and girlish, with bits of organdie trimming, were truly extraordinary in their reasonableness. I had almost got past imagining that anything *could* be so reasonable, nowadays.

Besides the ginghams, there were frocks in every other material: serge, taffeta, georgette, satin. Don't you like the little taffeta frock sketched above, with its taffeta ruchings? It's a one-tone frock and comes in almost every shade. I chose two like it at once, in dove grey and in black. They will be so smart and practical for the street and for flipping in and out of town during the summer.

Betty Wales dresses bring you lots of luck, they told me at the Studios. On the label sewn into every dress there is the design of a little "Ploshkin," a merry figure with beaming countenance and a merman's tail, who has had ninety-nine years (like an English lease) of good luck and happiness wished onto him. Naturally, this virtue enters into the dress. The "Ploshkins" are also made into little figurines of plaster and bronze. I was presented with one in bronze and told that it would bring me a rich husband or anything else the heart might desire. I was also told any number of tales of the "Ploshkin's" already tried and tested efficiency. With this and my two Betty Wales dresses you may expect to hear presently of anything happening.

Mabel Taliaferro was married last month. I didn't go to the wedding—there were just one or two people present—but Betty did. It was a day wedding, and Miss Taliaferro, she said, wore the loveliest frock, made of the most stunning material. Betty came to me to find out if I knew what it was.

"What was the material like, Betty?" I asked.

"Well, like a kind of tricolette; only it seemed to have so much more body and richness and lustre than the usual tricolette weave one sees."

So then I knew at once it must be either my old friend "Crystal Knit" or her twin sister, "Sylvanette," of the same family; with whom I've been getting acquainted.

"Was it a plain weave, Betty, or did it have a drop stitch pattern through it?"

"A plain weave in dark blue, and it was embroidered in jade, with narrow silver braid . . .," began Betty enthusiastically.

"Never mind the embroidery since what you want to know about is the material," I interrupted. "If it was a plain weave, then it was 'Crystal Knit'; 'Sylvanette' is a fancy weave with drop-stich patterns through it in stripes and squares and all kinds of lovely designs. The new spring patterns and shades in it are simply enchanting. Coincidently enough, I've just been seeing them at their source. I endorse every word you say about the fabric. There's just one complaint to make about it. I got a 'Crystal Knit' dress last year—you remember the first dress I had in henna-color?—and it simply *won't* wear out nor even show any signs of wear."

"No, I'm not really serious. For I had so much good out of that dress that I'm going to have another one of the same kind presently. I shall have it in the new 'Sylvanette' fabric that has a gold thread woven through it. This thread is woven into the material in such a way as to make it look as if there were tiny squares or flecks of gold all over it. The gold also weights the material and makes it rich and clinging, like some wonderful Eastern stuff."

(*As not all shops carry the Betty Wales Dresses, if you wish to know those in New York or your own town that do, write "Angelina," Care The* THEATRE MAGAZINE, *6 East 39th Street, New York City.*)

The "double-back" of the Vanity Fair knicker means "double-life."

DURING the holiday season we received a letter from a man 'way down in South America asking if we could send him some Vanity Fair knickers for his wife's Christmas. Man-like, he neglected to state the required size, but was most emphatic in saying that they must be "those double back knickers you advertise."

It was interesting to know that our South American sisters are learning just what that double back means! The Vanity Fair knicker defies the rubbing of rigid corset steels to break through, the friction of clothes to affect it where the average knicker wears so quickly.

The knicker though, is only one of the silk underwear triumphs achieved by Vanity Fair designers. There's the vest with its four inches of extra length. After wearing it all other vests make one feel like the kiddies whose mother "did *not* use wool soap."

Then, of course, there's the union with the patented "sure-lap". It stays closed because the cutter knows how a union should behave and cuts it that way!

The Pettibocker needs no explanation nowadays. As soon as Vanity Fair announced the Pettibocker, women tall and tiny, slim and chubby stepped from the hampering influence of petticoats and acclaimed it. There's only one Pettibocker, by the way, and that's the Vanity Fair. It takes but a second to see that the label "Vanity Fair Pettibocker" is fastened at the waist in back and then you know you are getting the original and not a "pseudo-Pettibocker".

The Step-In Envelope Chemise without either snap or button is a real joy! You've a secure sense of being well "put-together" in the Vanity Fair Step-In.

The Vanties are another original creation. With the woman who has always favored the open drawer, they are especially popular. They have the same trim waist elastic as the knicker, but the sides are open from hip to knee like the Step-In.

All of these special ideas expressed in Vanity Fair's own luxurious glove-silk leave little to be desired in underthings.

Vanity Fair Step-In Envelope Chemise No. 44012

Vanity Fair

SILK UNDERWEAR

Vanity Fair Silk Mills, READING, PA.

Makers of Vanity Fair Silk Underwear and Silk Gloves

Vanity Fair Double-Back Knicker No. 2410

The Programme of Fashion

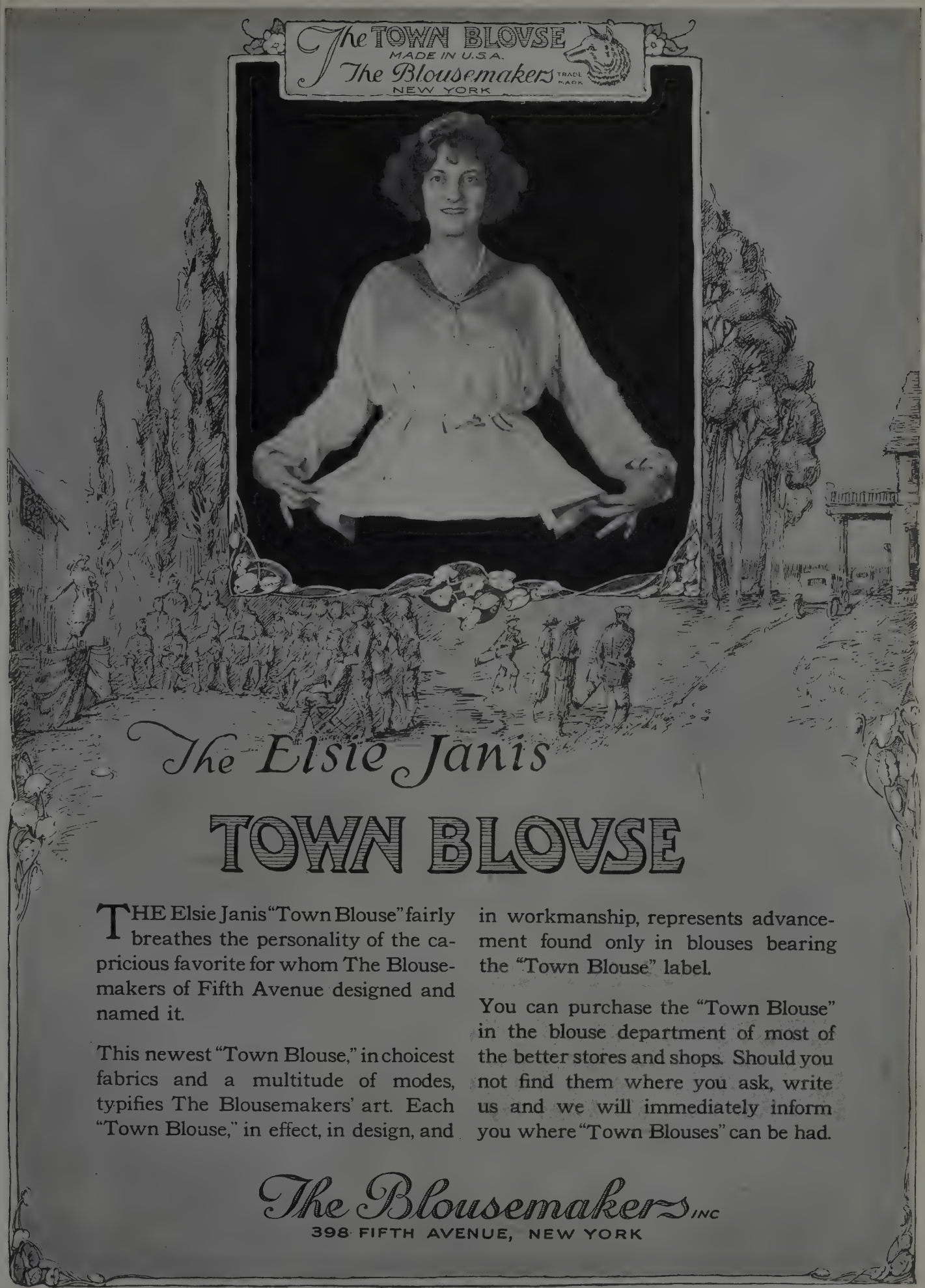
(Continued from page 203)

FASHIONS SEEN ON THE STAGE, INSPIRE SOCIETY TO WEAR LACE MITTS, FANCY HEADDRESS, AND THE TROUSER HOUSE GOWN.

AND now we have The Sun-Daughter negligée—a new Mandarin bewitchment, introduced by Lenore Ulric in the Chinese play, "The Sun-Daughter." Mandarin costumes have been made and sold in the shops before, of course, but there was no excitement or vogue concerning them until Miss Ulric in the character of "Lien Wha," presented to the public a picture of such charm and comfort that the keen fashion experts recognized in the creation, a new and much desired idea for a tea-gown, or rather tea-trousers. With this picturesque trouser gown is worn the cunning headdress pictured above, which also serves as a unique headdress for evening wear. The little Mandarin jacket reaches to the knees, the sleeves quite loose, with an undersleeve of chiffon that falls over the hands. In the April issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE, we will present to our readers, one of the charming Mandarins worn by Miss Ulric, as well as gowns worn in private life.

THE lace mitt, that lovely accessory of fashion worn by our grandmothers with delightful effect, has reappeared as the newest arm covering for warm days to come. With the short sleeved, short skirted frocks, what could be more appropriate? The quaint style originated this season on the stage—that source of all smart fashions. It was introduced first by Carmel Myers, in "The Magic Melody," and by adding a narrow black taffeta ribbon to the top of the glove, this ingenuous little artist displayed a real talent for fashion designing. Almost immediately, the clever idea reappeared in "The Purple Mask," worn by Lily Cahill, whose womanly charm seemed to become more feminine and appealing through the wearing of the quaint, old-fashioned style. The idea was at once seized upon and sponsored by smart women as a pertinent fashion for the summer, and forthwith the new fashion was launched! Those found in a few of the smart shops at present are imported, and come in white and black lace embroidered net and Chantilly.

The smart lace mitt —to be worn with dainty summer frocks



The Elsie Janis

TOWN BLOUSE

THE Elsie Janis "Town Blouse" fairly breathes the personality of the capricious favorite for whom The Blousemakers of Fifth Avenue designed and named it.

This newest "Town Blouse," in choicest fabrics and a multitude of modes, typifies The Blousemakers' art. Each "Town Blouse," in effect, in design, and in workmanship, represents advancement found only in blouses bearing the "Town Blouse" label.

You can purchase the "Town Blouse" in the blouse department of most of the better stores and shops. Should you not find them where you ask, write us and we will immediately inform you where "Town Blouses" can be had.

The Blousemakers INC
398 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Posed by Miss Dorothy Dickson

AT no season of the year is there greater need than now for the protection that Furs give

A. Jaeckel & Co
Furriers
384 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK

The Programme of Fashion

Norma Talmadge introduces the silk crepe shawl as a stunning afternoon or evening wrap

NORMA TALMADGE has only to effect a new pose of the hat, or a new manner of wearing a wrap, and it becomes conspicuously fashionable. She was seen in one of the smart hotels recently wearing a shawl wrap; one of the heavy silk crepe shawls with long silk fringe that is being treasured in many an old family, and laid carefully away in tissue paper. The shawl was plum color, and belonged to her grandmother who wore it on fête occasions just the way Miss Talmadge wears it in the photograph. Without any cutting, the wrap is simply draped, and with the aid of a few stitches and invisible fasteners, a Spanish style of immense dash and distinction is secured. The reappearance of the shawl became at once of great interest to society, and a number of exquisite evening wraps have resulted from the inauguration. The picture becomes even more effective worn in the evening, topped with the clinging lace of a mantilla headdress.

At the moment, Miss Talmadge is enjoying a short vacation at Palm Beach, where her beauty is as notable as her smart frocks. Many colorful batiks are to be found in her wardrobe, and numerous smocks decorated with wooden beads are much favored; even her hats share in this individual vogue, which, doubtless, will be copied by fashion promoters. The youthful bonnet shown in the photograph is of blue duvetyn with charming pattern embroidery of blue and green wood beads

F.B&C. KID
NEW YORK
FITS ON THE FOOT LIKE A GLOVE ON THE HAND

Look for this trade mark in the shoes you buy

COLORED KIDS

MAKE A COSTUME VASTLY MORE ATTRACTIVE

"F. B & C." is the world famous Kidskin. It is style sponsor in the realm of footwear and the reason's simple: It represents the widest range of beautiful, blending shades. In "F. B & C." you will find a color to harmonize perfectly with every gown.

When choosing your shoes it is only necessary for you to say—"and be sure they are made of 'F. B & C.' Kid." That is the merchant's cue to show you the very best there is in smart foot attire.

The "F. B & C." trademark stamped in the shoe is your assurance of the genuine.

Our booklet illustrating the newest in shoe styles will be sent you on request.

F.B&C. KID

Look for this trade-mark in your colored shoes

FASHION PUBLICITY COMPANY
In Conjunction With
AMALGAMATED LEATHER COMPANIES, Inc.
DEPARTMENT T
NEW YORK CITY

WASHABLE F.B&C. KID WHITE AS GLAZED

Look for this trade-mark in your white shoes

COPYRIGHT 1920
A. L. C., INC.

ARTISTIC AMATEUR SETTINGS

(*Concluded from Page* 196)

If ceiling and stage are not exactly parallel there are troubles in fitting. This scheme seems totally bad. Another is to have screw eyes in the scenery frames. Between these and other screw eyes along the walls at the same height are placed strips of wood with projecting nails at the ends. These are not too high to be reached easily, but as the sides of sets always slope and the building walls are straight, every length must be accurately calculated. Unless carefully placed these projecting screw eyes will push holes through canvas when the flats are stacked. Although used at the Provincetown Playhouse, this method seems cumbersome compared with the best one.

Interior pieces of scenery (flats) should be laced together with the rope always fastened to the right side near the top. Every left edge has below this point a cleat behind which the rope is caught. About a yard from the bottom are two long nails parallel with the canvas, around which the line can be fastened without even stooping. If the set be quite tall the lacing may pass across more times than this. When a box set of this kind is put up, its angles will make it stand. More stability is secured by using regular stage braces at various points. These are adjustable supports with at one end a hook which catches a hole in a cleat fastened to the frame about eight or nine feet from the bottom, and at the other a large flat eye through which a stage screw is put into the floor. Not many—perhaps none—are required for small box sets. If there are reasons why the stage should not be marked by the holes made by the stage screws it is easy to nail down at certain points with long thin wire nails, a few blocks of soft wood about two inches thick. In these the screws can be fastened. One screw will hold two braces. When the block of wood is removed at the end of the performance no marks remain except the small holes made by the nails. Braces help in rapid changes, for the stage is really set and the acting may begin before all the braces are in place.

SCENERY frames are most satisfactory when they are built by professional scene builders who work accurately by drawn plans or scaled models, or when they are built by good carpenters in exactly the same manner. Joints must be firm, angles must be right angles, edges must fit, doors must swing and close freely, the frames must last. Even for small stages the cost of lumber is an item to be kept low.

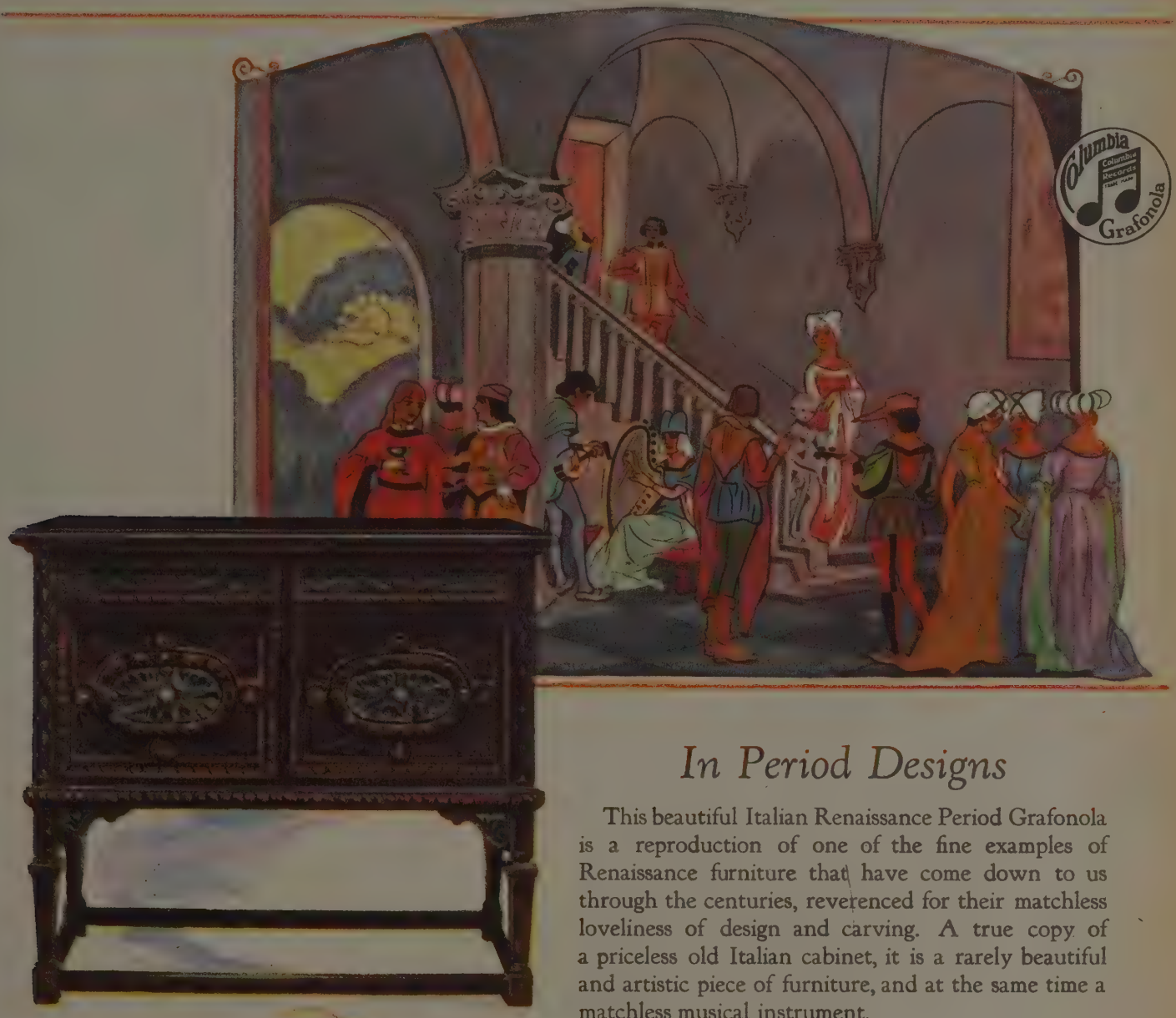
Unless you are forced to, do not use the old-fashioned painted borders to represent ceilings. If your stage has a permanent ceiling so that the audience can see it, build your sets so that they almost touch it. If the stage slopes until the spaces on each side increase towards the front, set the side walls to point off-stage towards the front, and these gaps will not be so apparent. They will not disturb anyone if they are seen. Audiences accept worse things in every professional performance. If your space above the stage will let you hang a ceiling, by all means, have one made. Have it painted a color not to attract attention..

Many scene designers in the endeavor to make a stage look like a room have the rear wall built as a single piece so that no junctures are visible. The drawback about such a piece of scenery is that it is rather heavy to move, bulky to stack, and too long to use anywhere else. For small stages the best rule is to have all scenery made in sections. Determine upon some unit of size, then have all pieces related to that same scale. Make all the large flats the same width; then have a few smaller sections (called jogs) to provide alcoves, angles, projections, etc. For instance, if your stage space permits, decide upon twenty-one feet as width and fourteen feet as depth. Make the rear wall in three sections each seven feet wide, the sides of two sections each of the same size. Two or four narrow jogs one-fourth the size of the larger flats will provide for rearrangements. Extra sections can be added if unusual doors and windows are needed. Carry this same system of unit or related sizes into all the scenery you construct. Have your steps, platforms, cubes, columns, pylons, if any are needed, bear some mathematical relation to the other parts of your settings. Thus, your scenery will be practicable for many purposes.

LEARN by other people's errors as well as by their achievements. An enthusiastic club director told me of the remarkable dining room interior she had just had finished in which the plaster was gone from parts of the walls, leaving the laths beneath exposed. She had actually had those holes painted upon the newly made scenery, rendering it useless for any play except the one in rehearsal. When I suggested that the room should have been finished properly, and then those marks of decay painted upon pieces of canvas and attached to the walls for this one time only, she nearly fainted. No idea of future uses of that large set had ever entered her head. Yet another director with one set which had served in several plays already, added Greek shields to give a classic tone, and at another time stretched a decorative Chinese border painted on paper around the top to secure an oriental effect. Remember always that arrangement, furniture, hangings, and costumes will help amazingly in securing effects.

(*Other matters concerning settings will be discussed in Mr. Stratton's next article in the April* THEATRE MAGAZINE, *the fifth in a series of six.*)

Columbia Grafonola



In Period Designs

This beautiful Italian Renaissance Period Grafonola is a reproduction of one of the fine examples of Renaissance furniture that have come down to us through the centuries, reverenced for their matchless loveliness of design and carving. A true copy of a priceless old Italian cabinet, it is a rarely beautiful and artistic piece of furniture, and at the same time a matchless musical instrument.

Columbia Grafonola in Italian Renaissance Design

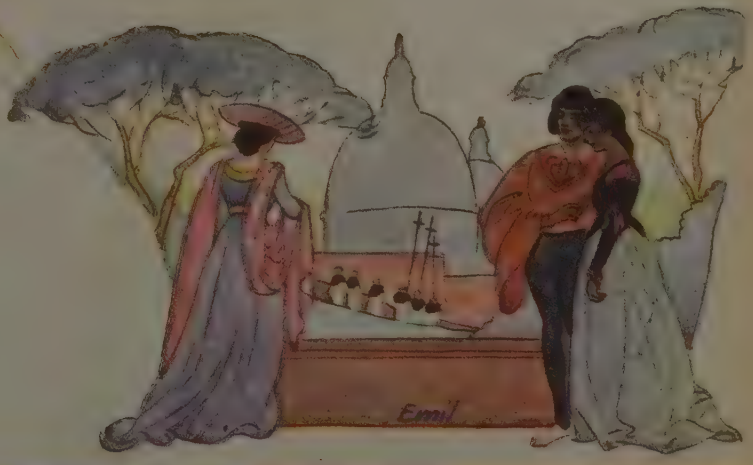
This Italian Renaissance design is one of 27 different Period Models of the Columbia Grafonola. Whatever the scheme of interior decoration that governs your home, you will find one of these artistic Period Grafonolas that will harmonize perfectly with it.

The music, clear and sweet as the notes of a deep-toned bell, floats through a beautiful silk-backed grille. All Period Design Grafonolas are operated by electric current, motor starting and stopping automatically. This particular model has accommodation for 80 records.

Columbia Grafonolas: Period Designs, $300 to $2100; Standard Models up to $300.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, New York

Canadian Factory: Toronto



YOUR COMMUNITY
YOUR COLLEGE
YOUR CHURCH

What have you done to bring to them the broadening influence of the Drama and the Play?

During the War, the splendid pageants that sprang up all over the country—spontaneous expressions of patriotism—demonstrated the value of the Drama in teaching lessons of loyalty, and engendering the community spirit.

Even the Church has given recognition of the power of the Drama to teach religious truths, in the nation-wide pageant recently presented in the Episcopal Churches, to awaken the dilatory churchgoer.

And the Theatre Magazine, as the recognized authority on the Stage and the Drama, in order to foster this new national interest has established

THE AMATEUR THEATRICALS DEPARMENT

to keep our readers in touch with what is being done in the colleges, churches and communities, toward the permanent establishment of the Play and the Drama—to bring to them the realization that something more is needed in developing and upbuilding a city or town, than the mere establishment of business and industries.

We are glad to receive for possible publication in the Amateur Theatricals Department, photographs and articles concerning successful amateur productions. Inquiries come to us from churches, clubs and colleges throughout the country, and this service is open to all our readers.

Address:
The Editor, Amateur Theatricals Department
THE THEATRE MAGAZINE
New York

DRAMATICS AT BRYN MAWR

DRAMATIC activities at Bryn Mawr are many and varied, and "Prunella," which is still being greeted by delighted audiences everywhere, was one of their recent productions. Not a little of the success of this charming little play, especially when attempted by amateurs, in an improvised theatre, is due to its charming garden setting, and the stage setting designed by Helen Spalding for the Bryn Mawr performance was exquisite enough, as a background for the quaint English gardeners, the prim aunts, and a troupe of gayly clad mummers, about Pierrot and Pierrette, to carry the play through without highly finished acting.

The Bryn Mawr Graduate Club, recently produced the play with Gertrude Sinclair as Prunella and Muriel Barker as Pierrot—it carried the illusion of romantic youth and love, with an undercurrent of seriousness, deepening but never muddying the light flow of music and color, and the transformation of Prunella into gay Pierrette, amid a circle of dancers with streaming multi-colored serpentines—the quintessence of the play's symbolism pleased the Bryn Mawr audience as much as ever it pleased a New York audience.

IT is interesting to note that there were almost as many colleges represented as there were members in the cast of this Bryn Mawr Play, three of the leads having been taken by the three British scholars from Cambridge; Misses Sinclair and Price from Girton College, and Miss Barker from Newhnam College.

Uniformly Estimable Level of Acting

For the other members of a generally very even and, uniformly creditable cast, individual references will of course differ; but Miss Flannery as a maiden aunt, Miss Price as a gardener with a first-hand experience of English dialects, and Miss Haupt in her green elfin costume would certainly have to be included. Queer and Quaint (Miss F. Penrose and Miss Adair), though they were neither too quaint nor too queer, otherwise minded their Q's and revived very vividly that now extinct species, the domestic servant. The Mummers were gay and pleasant folk, slightly individualistic in their *ensemble* dancing, but all very attractive. Miss Grim as Pierrot's "hired singer," was worthy of her hire and much applauded. To Miss M. Penrose a different kind of praise is due in a trying part where action and good acting are in inverse ratio. Those who were not in the secret were properly surprised to see the weatherworn bust turn eloquent.

If there is any whom this brief notice has omitted, it is because they are included in the general praise for the production to whose success they all contributed. A sentimental play done without sentimentality, with good stage-setting and lighting, acted easily and without pose, remarkably word-perfect, and clearly spoken throughout, "Prunella" was creditable to actors and manager and coach alike.

Do Your Teeth

Glisten Like the Teeth You See?

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Note the pretty teeth seen everywhere today. You can see that countless people clean teeth better than before. They remove the film which dulls teeth.

This new method is employed on millions of teeth every day. Dentists everywhere are urging its adoption. This is to urge you to test it—free—and see what it means to you.

Film Dulls the Teeth

A viscous film forms on your teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

The tooth brush does not end it! The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So millions find that teeth brushed daily are still ruined by that film.

The film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles nowadays are traced to film.

Now a Way to End It

Dental science, after years of searching, has found an efficient film combatant. Able authorities have proved it by years of careful tests. Now great efforts are being made to bring it into universal use.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And, to show its powers, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

How Millions Have Proved It

Millions have proved this new way by a simple test. If you have not done so, make it. Film removal is vitally important.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed barred. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. And now active pepsin can be every day applied, and forced wherever the film goes.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

When you see the results and read the reason, Pepsodent will need no argument. The cleaner, whiter, safer teeth are evidence enough. For your own sake, don't wait longer. Cut out the coupon now.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U. S.
The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

320
10-Day Tube Free
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 131, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to
.....
.....

Bruck-Weiss
MILLINERY
6-8 West 57th Street
A step from Fifth Avenue NEW YORK

Spring Showing

This showing for Spring is characterized by the refined smartness and originality of design for which Bruck-Weiss models are famed.

THE HUMOR OF GILBERT AND SHAW

(*Continued from page* 160)

have said that the way we laugh, betrays the way we think. Of course, much depends on the nature of the joke, the source of humor fastens its character upon it.

For instance, "Ko-Ko" is a common fellow entirely without conscious satire. "Bunthorne" is a milksop poet, which no generation would ever escape. The "Major-General" is a sentimental soldier, not uncommon in any age. And, when will that blasé being encumber the earth who will not revel in the satire of "Pinafore?" when the complaisant Admiral confides to the crew beginning his confession with those inimitable lines:

When I was a lad I served a term
As office-boy in an Attorney's firm,
etc., etc.

If Shaw had created these delightful satires, the British Government would have been obliged to step in and interfere. And yet, Gilbert was unsparing in his sly way. He feared not, but he reformed not, either.

A SHAVIAN comic-opera would delight the world, but would it be as widely understood as the Gilbert opera?

The fact that American audiences understood Shaw's plays before they were recognized in England must be remembered, since it implies that the Shavian mood is also American. We must acknowledge that there is only one Shaw. He stands pre-eminently tall in the drama. For that reason you may not regard comic-opera as a medium of any importance, but, if some foggy London morning, he should emerge as the satirical libertist of a satirical spasm set to music, it would be the stage novelty of the years to come.

Gilbert aimed always for novelty. He opened his operas always, with a chorus of men, or a chorus of women—he never combined them in opening an act. Shaw would have to go him one better. Probably, Shaw would make the chorus sing in th aisles of the theatre, so as not t detract from the lines on the stag He might make the tenor a supe man, the baritone a school-boy, th soprano a maiden aunt, and the con tralto a fragile débutante, allowin the bass an occasional topical son He would be sure to reverse th usual order of things. His villai would probably be the leader of th orchestra, being an interruption t the spoken lines.

AS to lyrics, they would probabl read like polished quatrains, an the rhyme would have reason. How ever, a comic-opera by Shaw is a idea only Shaw himself could con ceive. In my own humble opinion, I am very much afraid that Shaw' comic-opera would possibly lack th one quality that a comic-opera mos requires—delightful nonense. Ther is no nonsense in the Shavian creed It hammers at the mind and silenc is the harp, it is so audaciously san that it leaves us with a sense of pit for our fellow-beings, those othe fellow-beings with whom we are not ourselves, related.

A considerable charm of the Gil bert operas is their poetic quality The heartstrings of Sullivan's musi are not more delicate than the tenderness of Gilbert's words. Shaw' heartstrings seem always to be in hand, a hand that grasps them in a firm, manly, uncompromising grip o intellectual force. Shaw's literary theory is that—it is better to tell it at once—the emotions are merely a chemicalization of nervous disorder He thinks it is better to do that than to let us go on blindly trusting them to keep us out of mischief. That is the Shavian twist of poor weak mortals who stumble into sentimental by-ways of feeling.

Shaw's satire is Olympian and stiffens our ribs; Gilbert's satire is more simple and delights our frailty.

COLUMBIA RECORDS

"Dear Little Boy of Mine" is a mother song sung for Columbia Records this month by Riccardo Stracciari, the great Italian baritone of the Chicago Opera Company. It portrays the pangs of separation from a son, and Stracciari sings it with deep feeling. His own boy was in the war and is now at Vladivostok with the Italian army.

The first duet sung by the Ponselle Sisters—Rosa and Carmela — for Columbia Records is the beautiful "Baccarole," from *The Tales of Hoffman.* It was Carmela's rich mezzo-soprano which first attracted attention to their singing, and it blends beautifully with the now famous Rosa's pure dramatic soprano. Carmela may possibly follow her sister to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

Oscar Seagle sings "Mah Lindy Lou," a rich, resonantly negro love melody well suited to his baritone voice and early training. As a boy he used to tramp the mountains of Tennessee with his father who was a lay-preacher, and lead the singing at his father's meetings among the Southern negroes.—*Adv.*

© CAMPBELL STUDIOS

Get this Hyglo Complete Manicure Outfit, in an attractive box, $1.50.

HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, which eliminates hangnails, restores a smooth outline to the nails and removes discolorations:

HYGLO Nail Polish Cake, which quickly imparts a brilliant lustre:

HYGLO Nail Polish Paste, Pink, made especially for those who desire a rosy finish:

HYGLO Nail White, a soft cream for whitening the tips of the nails; also flexible file, emery board, orange stick and absorbent cotton, price $1.50.

LISTEN TO MARION DAVIES—

"Hyglo packages are so handy to carry about when traveling, and they do their work so satisfactorily, that I would not be without one."

Marion Davies

THE public likes Marion Davies. An atmosphere of charm, simplicity and beauty surrounds her that endears her to us all. Like all stage and screen stars, she knows what toilet and manicure preparations best preserve and heighten her charms—her judgment is an *expert* one. To keep her nails as pretty and attractive as the rest of her, Marion Davies uses

HYGLO
Manicure Preparations

They give the perfect manicure—no hangnails, no cuticle cutting, no irritation. Simple, efficient, and sure—and put up in such convenient boxes that they are the ideal traveling companions.
Hyglo Manicure preparations are sold individually at leading drug and department stores everywhere, at 35c. and 65c. each.

OTHER FAMOUS HYGLO PREPARATIONS

Hyglo Compact Rouges and Powders lend a soft natural glow to the face, enlivening the skin. In shades according to your complexion, price 50c.
Hyglo Mascarine, for stiffening eyelashes and eyebrows. Washes off with water. In black, brown or blonde. Boxes containing special eyebrow brush and mirror, price 50c.
Hyglo Lipstick is a fragrant, refreshing rouge for the lips, price 25c. and 35c.
Eyebrow pencils, 25c.

GRAF BROS, INC.
(EST. 1873)
132 WEST 24th ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc.
Selling Agents
171 Madison Avenue, New York
and
10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Canada

With Spring, Beauty Returns

"WOMAN'S beauty, the forest echo, and rainbows soon pass away, says the proverb. But the echo can be made to sound again, rainbows reappear, and Elizabeth Arden can conjure back a woman's vanished beauty.

Of course it is much simpler to *retain* good looks than to *regain* them, but with Elizabeth Arden to advise her, any woman can achieve attractiveness, particularly at this time of year, when skin and tissues respond most readily to beautifying and rejuvenating treatments.

Take advantage of the magic in the spring air, which helps women as well as flowers to bloom anew! Write Elizabeth Arden your problems and let her suggest a course for you to follow. She will tell you just how to employ her famous Muscle-Strapping method and Venetian Preparations to perfect your skin and develop lovely, youthful contours.

Interesting booklets describing all the Arden Preparations and a Home Course sent on request.

THE ARDEN VENETIAN PREPARATIONS

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM—A scientific cleanser which liquefies when applied, clears the pores effectively and leaves the skin soft and receptive. $1, $2, $3.

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC—For use after the Cleansing Cream. Mildly astringent, it tones, whitens and refines the skin and makes it brilliantly fresh and clear. $1.75, $3.25.

VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT—A rejuvenator which firms sagging muscles, reduces puffiness under the eyes, and by gradually tightening the skin, eliminates wrinkles. $3.50.

VENETIAN MUSCLE OIL—Nothing is so effective for banishing lines and wrinkles as this splendid muscle strengthener. $1, $2.25, $4.

VENETIAN EYELASH GROWER—Enhances the witchery of beautiful eyes by growing long, sweeping lashes. $2.

SAVON KENOTT—A famous French dentifrice which purifies and preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, and sweetens the breath deliciously. $1.

If the Arden Preparations are not available at your dealer's, address orders to Elizabeth Arden at her New York Salon, Dept. 15. Include 4 per cent tax in remittance; also postage if amount is under $10.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

Salon D'Oro, 673 Fifth Avenue, New York

Boston · Washington · Detroit · Newport · Palm Beach

BERGDORF GOODMAN

616 FIFTH AVENUE

between 49th and 50th Sts.

NEW YORK

Exhibition of Paris Importations

QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Prices of back numbers will be quoted by mail, on request. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

COULD you give me any information as to where I can get an English version of Sem Benelli's play "The Jest"?—L. L. R., Utica, N. Y.

Write to Arthur Hopkins, the producer of "The Jest"—236 West 45th Street, New York City.

WHERE can I secure a photogravure mounted on cardboard of Richard Barthelmess?—A. M. K., Hancock, Mich.

We printed, by roto-gravure process, in our January, 1920 issue an excellent picture of Mr. Barthelmess. You can easily mount it on cardboard, yourself. See heading of column in reference to prices of issues.

CAN you advise me if there are any books published giving information and showing cuts or photographs of the Urban style of stage settings and lighting or on the "new art" styles?—L. V. C., St. Paul, Minn.

See Gordon Craig's "On the New Art of the Theatre," published by E. P. Dutton; Arthur Edwin Krows' "Play Production in America," published by Henry Holt & Company. "The Advent of the Art Theatre," an article published in the June, 1919, issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE may interest you. It is copiously illustrated. There is also "The Art of Joseph Urban" in the September, 1915 number.

HAVE you published any pictures of Percy MacKaye's play, "A Thousand Years Ago"?—L. C., Rock Hill, S. C.

There are three scenes in "A Thousand Years Ago" in our February, 1914, issue, also a review of the play. The March, 1914, contains a sketch of the two leading players in the piece.

HAVE you printed any pictures of Dustin Farnum—either personal or in scenes from plays?—H. C. Auburndale, Mass.

There is a personal picture of Dustin Farnum in the September, 1911 issue, in November, 1911, he is shown in two scenes from "The Littlest Rebel," in August, 1909, there is a picture in "Cameo Kirby," in October, 1906 an illustrated article entitled "A Personal Interview With The Virginian," and his portrait in colors in "The Virginian" appears on the March, 1905 cover.

DID you publish pictures or a review of "The Willow Tree." I should also like to know who appeared in the original cast?—E. E. S., Cincinnati, O.

There is a review of "The Will Tree" in our April, 1917 issue, a a full page of scenes—six in all— the May, 1917. The cast of the pi was as follows: Nogo, Arvid Pa son; Kimura, Harold de Beck Geoffrey Fuller, Harold Vosburg Edward Hamilton, Shelley Hu John Charles Goto, Richard Tab Tomotada, George W. Wilson; T Image, Fay Bainter; A Bird Sell S. Hatakenaka; A Priest, Dar Vinton; A Fish Seller, Richa Taber; A Street Singer, Mrs. Thom A. Wise; Mary Temple, Fay Baint

HAVE there been any articles wr ten about Maude Adams? If where may I obtain them. Wh and in what play, will she make h next stage appearance?—M. E. New York City.

We publish a book, well illustrate entitled "The Biography of Mau Adams." There is an article, too, the December, 1913, issue of t THEATRE MAGAZINE entitled "Coini Admiration Worth Half a Million Year" that will interest you. As y there have been no announcemen concerning Miss Adams' reappea ance on the stage.

WILL you kindly give me the cas of "Under Two Flags" wi Blanche Bates, "Arizona" with Vi cent Serrano, and "The Merchant Venice" with Otis Skinner as Sh lock?—W. D. H., Dixon, Ill.

The cast of "Under Two Flags" a produced on February 5, 1901, is a follows: Bertie Cecil, Francis Ca lyle; John, Maclyn Arbuckle; Rak Edward S. Abeles; Countess of War minster, Rose Snyder; Venetia Lyon nesse, Margaret Robinson; Marqui of Chateauroy, Campbell Gollan Lord Constantia, Arthur Bruce Pierre Baroni, Albert Bruning Renee Baroni, Grace Elliston; Ge Lamoriciere, Matt. Snyder; Paul Madge West; Captain de Chanrellon Beresford Webb; En-ta-Maboul Frank Leyden; Beau Bruno, Teff Johnson; Amineh, Mrs. F. M. Bates Cigarette, Blanche Bates.

"Arizona" was produced in 190 with this cast: Henry Canby, Theo dore Roberts; Col. Bonham, Edwi Holt; Sam Wong, Stephen B French; Mrs. Canby, Mattie Earle Estrella Bonham, Jane Kenmark Lena, Adora Andrews; Lieut Denton, Vincent Serrano; Bonita Eleanor Robson; Miss McCullagh Louise Closser; Dr. Fenlon, George O'Donnell; Captain Hodgman Walter Hale; Tony Mostano, Edga Selwyn; Lieut. Hallack, Malcolm Gunn; Sgt. Kellar, Thomas Oberle Lieut. Young, Sidney Ainsworth.

We shall answer your last query in the next issue.

The secret of some women's personality and charm is

La Bohême

ARLY
PARIS

TALC 75¢
TOILET WATER $3.50

FACE POWDER $1.50 PERFUME $1.50 $2.50 $5.00

SEND 25¢ TO VIVAUDOU, TIMES BUILDING, N.Y.
FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE OF LA BOHÊME PERFUME

(*Continued from Page* 185)

years, can hardly, on her return home, expect a warm, sympathetic welcome from either the characters on the stage or from those in front.

Her deserted son is in trouble due to his efforts to keep his mother's name from further reproach, and she gets him out of it, by means not over fastidious, and then attaches to her beautiful but entirely indefensible self a deluded admirer of her youth. All in all, the poorest sort of stuff unillumined by either wit or humor and presented with a flagrant defiance of all technical authority.

Miss Elliott was radiantly beautiful. Her expression of mother love failed to elicit a response for me. Sidney Blackmer, Stanley Warmington and Lumsden Hare were the main masculine elements in her support.

ELTINGE. "Breakfast In Bed." Farce in three acts by Georges Feydeau, adapted by Willard Mack and Hilliard Booth. Produced on February 3, with this cast:

Raphael Bates	Harry Hanlon
Terry	Tommy Meade
Hugo Getsit	Vincent Dennis
Emily Duval Bates	Florence Moore
Benjamin Colby	Will Deming
Gloriana Gorgeous	Clara Verdera
Irene Anderson	Gladys Gilbert
Jack Marston	Leon Gordon
General Koschnoduff,	C. Hooper Trask
Seth Latimer	Fred Strong
Prince Nicholas	Jules Epailly
Mazie	Anne Lorentz
Camera Man	J. O. Hewitt
Justice of the Peace	Waldo Whipple
Police Officer	William S. Ely

THOUGH it is labeled a farce, "Breakfast In Bed" resembles a burlesque performance. A Frenchman, Georges Feydeau, wrote the play, and perhaps that is why it is so filled with compromising situations. The French, so we understand, crave that sort of thing. But Americans, even blasé New York theatregoers, are bound to lift their eyebrows a bit at a play in which an unmarried woman spends the night with a young man in his bedroom at his home, because they were both too drunk to leave his abode. Of course, they announce that they conducted themselves with propriety, and even shook dice to determine which one should occupy the bed—but you can't expect an adult audience to be too credulous, you know.

Florence Moore, in the leading feminine rôle, undoubtedly has aspirations to be a second Charlotte Greenwood, but she is riding for a fall. Charlotte Greenwood would never be guilty of slapstick burlesque work.

The remainder of the rôles were mediocre ones, and were interpreted in mediocre fashion. Two young women with minor parts were outstanding figures because of their good looks, and the clever manner in which they dressed their parts. One was Anne Lorentz, cast as the French maid, who was brunette and plump, and the other, Gladys Gilbert, as the divorcee, dazzlingly blonde and slender.

LIBERTY. "The Night Boat." Musical comedy in three acts, founded on a farce by A. Bisson. Libretto and lyrics by Anne Caldwell, music by Jerome Kern. Produced on February 2, with this cast:

Minnie	Marie Reagan
A Workman	Irving Carpenter
Mrs. Maxim	Ada Lewis
Barbara	Louise Groody
Mrs. Haxel White	Stella Hoban
Freddie Ides	Hal Skelly
Inspector Dempsey	John Scannell
Bob White	John E. Hazzard
Captain Robert White	Ernest Torrence
The Steward	Hansford Wilson
Dora de Costa	Lillian Kemble Cooper
Florence de Costa	Betty Hale
Betty	Arline Chase
Susan	Lois Leigh
Molly	Mildred Sinclair
Jane	Bunny Wendell
Alice	Geraldine Alexander
Polly	Lydia Scott
Mrs. de Costa	Mrs. John Findlay

I APPROACH all musical shows so skeptically now-a-days that it becomes a genuine pleasure to record those that rise above the average. "The Night Boat," like countless Dillingham productions before it, is a delightful comedy with music, with plenty of comedy that steers clear of the "what-number-must-I-ask-for-to-get-4567-Plaza" joke and music that reminds one of neither *High Jinks* nor *Tickle-toe*. Then too there is the Wayburn touch in its chorus work, and a farce background by the distinguished French melo-dramatist, M. Bisson, whose last contribution to our native boards was "Madame X." An undeniably powerful combination!

A skillful cast is headed by Jack Hazzard who portrays a traditional husband leading a traditional double life, and who attempts to conceal Life No. 2 from Life No. 1, by alleging himself to be the captain of the Albany night boat, an occupation which justifies any man coming home early in the morning, if indeed, at all. Ernest Torrence and Hal Skelly, as well Ada Lewis and Louise Groody are all first class members of the entertaining crew.

A large variety of specialties not of the usual kind fill out an evening of song and *bon mots* from the deft pen of Anne Caldwell.

NORA BAYES. "My Golden Girl." Comedy with music in two acts. Book and lyrics by Frederic Arnold Kummer. Music by Victor Herbert. Produced on February 2, with this cast:

Wilson	Robert O'Connor
Blanche	Dorothy Tierney
Kitty Mason	Evelyn Cavanaugh
Capt. Paul de Bazin	Richard Dore
Arthur Mitchell	Victor Morley
Peggy Mitchell	Marie Carroll
Martin	Raymond Barrett
Mr. Hanks	Ned A. Sparks
Mr. Pullingsr	Edward See
Helen Randolph	Helen Bolton
Howard Pope	George Trabert
Mrs. Judson Mitchell	Edna May Oliver
Mr. Clarence Swan	Harold Vizard
Mildred Ray	Victoria White
Lois Booth	Adele Boulais

Concluded on Page 222.

"POINTS NOIRS"
versus
WOMAN'S BEAUTY

Somehow the French words *Points noirs* do not carry as disagreeable a sound as does their Anglo-Saxon equivalent, Blackheads. Yet, different though they are in sound, they look abnominably alike in both languages.

It is remarkable and deplorable how many charming women are afflicted with them. And they are—we mean the *points noirs*—even worse than they look, since they often lead to that distressing, disfiguring, tissue-destroying malady known as acne.

We can't get rid of these little pests too soon. We really should have prevented them, made it impossible for them to pester us, in the first place. But that is another story, and for another day.

One lesson and one moral for the day is enough, if taken to heart and heeded, as generally are taken to heart and heeded all words of Beauty Wisdom that come from the lips of that Beauty Champion, Madame Helena Rubinstein.

As birds of a feather flock together, so do blackheads go hand in hand with the annoyance of enlarged pores, greasy skin, as well as coarseness of the skin fabric.

You who are still free from these blemishes should even now, for *preventive purposes*, make occasional use of the following scientific specialties which Madame Helena Rubinstein has been preparing, and since her return from Paris and London recently has perfected, for the relief of those women chiefly who are affected with blackheads, large pores and muddy or coarse skin, and who should use them daily and thus reclaim their complexion and beauty.

VALAZE BLACKHEAD AND OPEN PORE PASTE — ($1.10, $2.20 and $5.00) efficiently removes blackheads, cleanses and stimulates the skin, working also against the return of the trouble. For more obstinate condition, Blackhead and Open Pore Paste No. 2 ($1.50, $2.50 and $5.00) is recommended.

VALAZE LIQUIDINE — ($2.00 and $3.50) is a necessary companion preparation intended to bring back the skin to its normal function, causing the pores to contract and producing in this way a smoother skin texture.

VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD—($1.75, $2.50 and $7.00) is unique amongst face creams in that it is the only one known that does not clog the pores, but keeps them active and open normally, so that blac' heads cannot form and the skin coarsen or the pores strain and distend.

VALAZE COMPLEXION POWDER—($1.00, $3.50 and $5.50) is especially designed for use in conditions described, and Poudre No. 3 ($1.50) should be dusted on before the Complexion Powder is put on with the puff.

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN
46 West 57th St., N. Y.
Beauty Headquarters in London, Paris, Sydney, Melbourne, Chicago, San Francisco, Atlantic City.

THE ESTEY RESIDENCE ORGAN

A LITTLE while ago, it was only in the church or in larger concert halls that one could enjoy the music of a pipe organ. It is a worthy achievement of this generation that a pipe organ can be made an integral part of one's own home.

In the music-room, in the great hallway, in the gallery of many American homes there is already an Estey Residence Organ. One of the reasons for its presence is the mechanical player, which produces a simple composition with delicate expression and renders the entire score of a symphony with an amazing degree of perfection.

An Estey Residence Organ can be built in your home.

The Estey Organ Company, Brattleboro, Vermont; Studios in New York, 11 West 49th Street, Philadelphia, 1701 Walnut Street; Chicago, Lyon & Healy; Boston, 120 Boylston Street; Los Angeles, 633 South Hill Street.

MAY 1900

ANNIVERSARY NUMBER of the THEATRE MAGAZINE

MAY 1920

TWENTY years of publication is an achievement and it is with pardonable pride that we announce the celebration, in the May issue of

OUR TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY

When the first issue of the Theatre Magazine was published in May 1900, it was the first high class periodical devoted solely to the Stage and the Drama, and in the years that have followed, we have held the field alone, always adhering to the ideals that guided the publication of the first issue. Today the Theatre Magazine is known wherever magazines are read, and it is regarded as the leading authority on things theatrical.

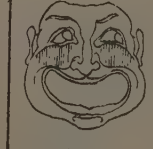
SPECIAL FEATURES

We have invited many stage favorites to contribute their reminiscences, among others, Julia Marlowe, E. H. Sothern, Blanche Bates, Mrs. Fiske, and such notables in the theatrical world as Channing Pollock, Roi Cooper Megrue, Avery Hopwood, Rupert Hughes, J. I. C. Clarke, David Belasco, Daniel Frohman, Walter Prichard Eaton, Clayton Hamilton, Louise De Foe, Louis Calvert.

ILLUSTRATIONS

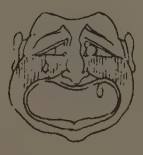
There will be a wealth of full page portraits of America's best loved Stars, and lesser stage lights, with the biographies of each, and the magazine will be richly and liberally illustrated with full page colored portraits, scenes from the theatres, twenty years ago and today, and many other interesting illustrations. In the Motion Picture Section, full page portraits of all the prominent screen favorites will be shown.

The Publishers



"The policy of the Theatre Magazine will be to approve all that tends to elevate the tone of the Stage and add to the dignity of the Profession. It will praise good work by whomsoever done—playwright, actor, manager—and censure fearlessly where Art has been trampled upon and debased."

Reprinted from the first issue of Theatre Magazine



Dorothy Dalton

The famous stage and screen star wearing a smart sport hat made of

Simonette

Registered

THE NEW SILK FABRIC FOR MILLINERY

At your favorite shop

M·J·FRANK & CO
Importers Tinsel Products
16 West 39th Street
NEW YORK

"HILANDALE"

The new sport fabric for suits and shirts

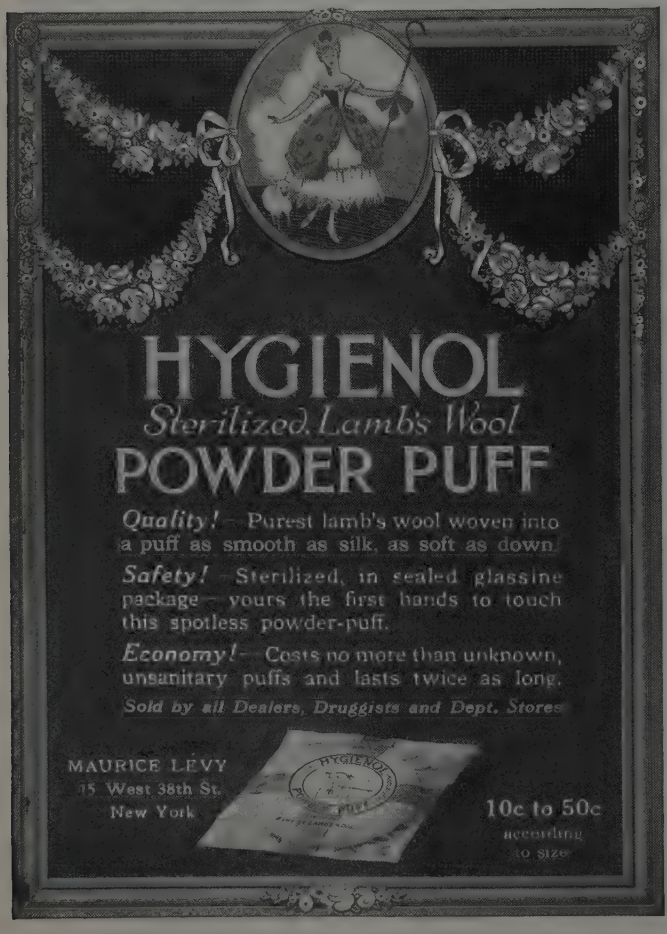
Maillard
NEW YORK

The Perfection of Confection

¼ and ½ Pound Package

The Wholesome Sweet

CHOCOLATE PRODUCTS



MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded from page 220)

THE book of "My Golden Girl" has real form. It has a story, a complete one developed to a logical conclusion. A trifle more of intrigue would have helped its snap, but the author Frederic Arnold Kummer, should have called in the aid of a collaborator. His wit and humor are tenuous to say the least. The dialogue is in parlous need of tuning up.

Victor Herbert's score is delightful. If its melodic content is not as generous as some of his other scores, it is charmingly gracious, while the orchestration is replete with those deft touches of which Herbert is a master. A musician always appreciates his little tricks in orchestration.

IN most cases the actors are able to sing and the good looking chorus is equally talented in that direction. In the second act they let out, and the furious pace they effect helps amazingly. Particularly happy in the terpsichorean line are Evelyn Cavanaugh and Richard Dore who combine sheer athletics with true grace.

The married couple seeking a divorce, each has an affinity, were personated by Victor Morley and Marie Carroll. The feminine affinity was all she should be, and then some, as played by Helen Bolton. For looks and bearing Miss Bolton deserves a blue ribbon. The lawyers, retained for the divorce, which never came off—the prospective co-respondents pair off—were presented respectively with much comic verve by Edward See and with a dry staccato humor by Ned A. Sparkes. The mother and father of the unsettled couple were admirably played by Edna May Oliver and Harold Vizard.

PRINCESS. Workers' Theatre Guild. Three one-act plays presented on Feb. 9, with the following players.

Wayne Arrey	Vail Hobart
Edna Porter	J. Harry Murtaugh
Frances Simpson	J. Emmett Driscoll
	Emmett O'Reilly

THREE one-act plays constituted the two weeks offering of the Workers' Theatre Guild at the Princess Theatre. Of these, two had already been shown, and I can see no particular reasons for their having been revived—"Suppressed Desires" by Susan Glaspell, and "The Girl in the Coffin" by Mr. Dreiser. St. John Ervine's "Magnanimous Lover" was the third of the playlets and although this is one of Mr. Ervine's earliest contributions and a distinct treatment of the Hindle Wake theme it nevertheless provided the only expert entertainment of the evening.

The production of this new "Guild" will scarcely do much to enhance its reputation or cause the dear public to cry eagerly for more. With so many good one-act plays to choose from and so many gifted young players out of work, I find it hard to excuse even a two-week usurpation of one of our most attractive theatres by this group of players.

ALL of which gives one more knock on the head to that otherwise admirable institution the playlet. The Washington Players have already demonstrated the potentialities of the one-act play. Some day a producer of intelligence and discernment will present a group of one-act plays to Broadway that will interest the man in the pit. It is a huge and unexplored field of riches being added to yearly by young writers who turn hopelessly to the vaudeville stage or the short story magazine for public expression of their art.

Holbrook Blinn essayed a sort of Grand Guignol on Broadway. The sensation of the moment turned soon into what 42d Street terms a "fliv." No manager will produce a curtain raiser, for financial and other reasons. The one-act play is a stepchild of the American stage. And now death blows are being administered by amateurish offerings on the part of well meaning young artists.

I should like to see Mr. Belasco present three American one-act plays. Then perhaps the art of tabloid drama would find its well deserved place.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

The duet, "Piangi Fanciulla" (Weep, My Child), from "Rigoletto," is without doubt interpretative of one of the saddest situations ever conceived. Yet the music is the most lyrically beautiful Verdi ever wrote. In a new Victor Record the duet is sung by Galli-Curci and De Luca with wonderful effect. Every note of his rich, powerful baritone seems laden with an emotion deeper than pain, while above it, exquisite and clear, rises Galli-Curci's soprano. This is indeed an extraordinary record.

"A La Luna" (To the Moon) is sung by De Gogorza on a new Victor Record. It has a simple, slow but languorous strain, shrined among deep folds of orchestral harmony. It is sung by De Gogorza with his usual perfection of style and with profound emotional power.

A song of peculiar significance to John McCormack is "That Tumble-Down Shack in Athlone," which he sings on a new Victor Record. It has a pleasant, flowing melody, calling for but little display on the part of the singer until the close of each stanza, when there is a long, clear upper note of unusual sweetness and purity.—*Adv.*

For Spring Sport Wear

CRYSTAL KNIT

As the lighter weights and daintier shades have won their places for evening dress, so have the more substantial weaves in outdoor colors found favor for *Smart Spring Sport Wear.*

Boasting an unequalled lustre and sturdiness which has proven that the *beautiful* can be *practical* too, CRYSTAL KNIT ranks high among the popular fabrics from which fastidious women are designing their outer apparel.

In the garment or by the yard—CRYSTAL KNIT is sold by shops that cater to the discriminating.

CRYSTAL MILLS, Inc.
THE TOMPKINS CO., Inc.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS
354 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

EGYPTIAN
DEITIES
"The Utmost in Cigarettes"
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and refinement invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette

30¢

Anargyros
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

PERSONALITY—PRICE THREE DOLLARS

Personality is an elusive thing; it refuses to be charted or diagrammed. But it is what makes great actors great

By FRANCESCO SAUCHELLI, D.C., Ph.C.

THE other evening I went to the theatre. One of America's foremost actors was on the bill. When he stepped out upon the stage there was the customary salvo of applause. There was *something* back of that applause. Here was a great actor. He was great, not because of the preliminary applause, although, of course, the applause did have a psychological effect upon the audience itself. When an audience applauds before they have heard one speak, it is assumed, as a matter of course, that the speaker is above the ordinary.

I tried to look at this man through critical eyes and with a critical mind. What was there about him—? He wasn't so much to look at; his personal pulchritude score was not high. His stage dress was nothing out of the ordinary. In action, he appeared about as graceful as a good-natured St. Bernard. In short, should you happen to see him on Broadway at noonday, he would not attract more than a passing glance. Yet, when he appeared on the stage, the atmosphere seemed suddenly electrically charged. The audience hung on his words; he could sway them with a gesture or an intonation. What was there about this man—?

It was his personality, of course. But when you have said that, what have you said? Personality is an elusive thing; it refuses to be charted or diagrammed. But it is what makes great actors great.

PERSONALITY is defined as "that which distinguishes and characterizes a person, making him different from any other person." Expressing personality, then, is being yourself, expressing your own individuality.

I refuse to be inveigled, even by myself, into an attempt to explain the nature and workings of personality. You either have an arresting personality and the ability to properly express it—or you don't. As far as I know, there is nothing you can do about it, one way or another. Everybody has personality; most people have some expressive ability—a few have more than others. The actor of whom I speak was one of the few. He was an artist. I was really "buying" this actor's personality—at three dollars, plus war-tax.

Although I cannot speak with authority upon the nature and workings of personality itself, there is something back of personality of which I am in some measure qualified to speak. There is something which makes the proper expression of personality possible or which may hinder its proper expression. And that "something" is health.

We will grant that personality itself is intrinsic—that it cannot be acquired, created or destroyed. The proper expression of personality, however, is an acquired art. It is the art of the actor. Proper expression of personality is dependent upon, and coincident with, good health. I make it a positive statement that artistry in acting is absolutely impossible without health.

THE actor is, in a sense, a salesman. He "sells" himself—his own personality—to his audience. It is all he has to sell. Lest this latter statement be misunderstood, let me say that no great actor "sells" his art—the art of expressing his intrinsic personality—to his audience, any more than the salesman of merchandise sells his sales ability to his customers. Artistry in acting and sales ability in other lines are only the means whereby the "sale" of personality or merchandise is achieved. And since the means depends upon physical well-being, as far as the actor is concerned, at least, the matter of health becomes at once of vital importance.

It is entirely possible that the actor might be positively ill—suffering physical pain—and yet, by an exercise of the will, force himself to go on and go through his lines without the audience becoming aware of his indisposition. Actors often go through their parts when they are in no condition physically to do so. This does not alter the fact, however, that the proper expression of their personality—the means whereby they "sell" their personality to the audience—depends upon their being physically fit. Did you ever try to be agreeable and pleasant and impress others with your charm of manner when you were suffering from an aching corn?

All expression of personality upon the stage is a direct strain upon the nerve system. Throwing out vital energy—which is really what the actor does when he makes you feel his personality across the footlights—cannot help but be a nerve strain. The actor is using his nerves as a woodchopper uses his muscles—and no man ever came back from a woodchopping expedition without having tired muscles.

THERE is this difference between the woodchopper's muscles and the actor's nerves: The woodchopper may develop his muscles to stand more and more work; the actor cannot "develop" his nerves—the best

(*Continued on page* 228)

THE HIGHEST IDEALS OF THE DESIGNER'S ART ARE MATERIALIZED IN HUDSON. IN ITS MOTOR LIES POWER NEVER YET TESTED TO ITS LIMITS, THE SPEED AND FRESHNESS OF THE WIND. THERE IS A MODEL FOR EVERY PURPOSE, SOCIAL OR BUSINESS.

The Traffic Jam in Any City will show Twenty-five Makes of Cars—no two alike. New Models today, perhaps —but what of Tomorrow?

Who Dictates the Changes in Motor Car Design

EVERY now and then it occurs to some one to ask, "What happens to all the old Packards? Not those of eight or ten years ago, now running as taxicabs, but the in-between models —'15 and '16 and along there?"

A perfectly natural question, considering how accustomed people are to perpetual change in motor car design.

EITHER there is something sound and fundamental in motor car design—or there is not.

The Packard Company believes that design is fundamental when it is governed by established standards of good taste and engineering, and not by passing fancies.

IT is gratifying to know that this belief is shared by more than five thousand Packard owners, who have owned Packards continuously for sixteen years.

Once create a motor car design that is fundamental and it will satisfy people of good taste as long as the car lasts.

THE Packard car is designed to last as long as fine workmanship, sound engineering and the highest grade of materials can make it.

And that is why Packards are always "new models."

And why the Packard owner's investment never suffers from sudden changes of "fashion," dictated by some one over whom he has no control.

"Ask the Man *Who Owns One"*

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Detroit*

"Henry Wilson! How can you use such perfectly awful language! It's your own fault anyway for starting out with that cheap tire when you had a Kelly-Springfield in the garage."

(*Continued from Page 224*)

he can do is to see that they are in proper condition for the normal flow of vital or nerve energy.

Right here is where the comparatively new science of chiropractic steps in. Chiropractic claims that the nerve system is the paramount controlling factor in all bodily processes. The nerve system, including the brain, may be considered as one nerve, with numberless branches and ramifications. Anything which interferes with one part of the nerve system affects, in greater or less degree, all parts. Or, to say it another way, anything which affects one part of the body affects, through the nerve system, all parts, including the brain. This is why a person cannot think clearly when stomach nerves are in distress from overloading of the stomach, and why it is impossible to have pleasant thoughts when one has a raging toothache.

In ill-health of any kind, the nerve system is in distress. The whole nerve system, including the brain, is affected and prevented from functioning properly.

In the case of the actor, the brain directs the proper expression of personality. An actor cannot properly "sell" his personality to his audience unless his brain is alert and right on the job. Ill-health of any kind hinders the brain in its work of properly directing the expression of personality. With the entire nerve system affected, as a result of ill-health, an actor's endeavors to express his personality to his audience is analogous to a man attempting to chop wood when his muscles are temporarily and partially paralyzed.

JUST as the result of ill-health is thus manifested through the nerve system, so also may the cause of ill-health be traced to the nerve system. Chiropractic claims that health is the result of a free and uninterrupted flow of vital or nerve energy through the nerves and that disease ensues when there is an interruption flow or when the flow is impeded or obstructed. To understand this, let us consider the anatomic construction of the nerve system.

To begin with, we have the brain—the starting point of the nerve energy of the body. Beginning at the base of the brain, there is the spinal cord. The spinal cord is nothing but a closely-bound bundle of nerves encased within the spinal column. Nerves extend away from the spinal cord at various points and go to every part of the body. In other words, at the spinal column is a rich aggregation of nerves—the nerve trunks of the entire body.

The spinal column is a succession of twenty-six movable bones, with a disc of elastic cartilage between each pair. In extending away from the spinal cord, the nerve trunks must pass through and between these movable bones.

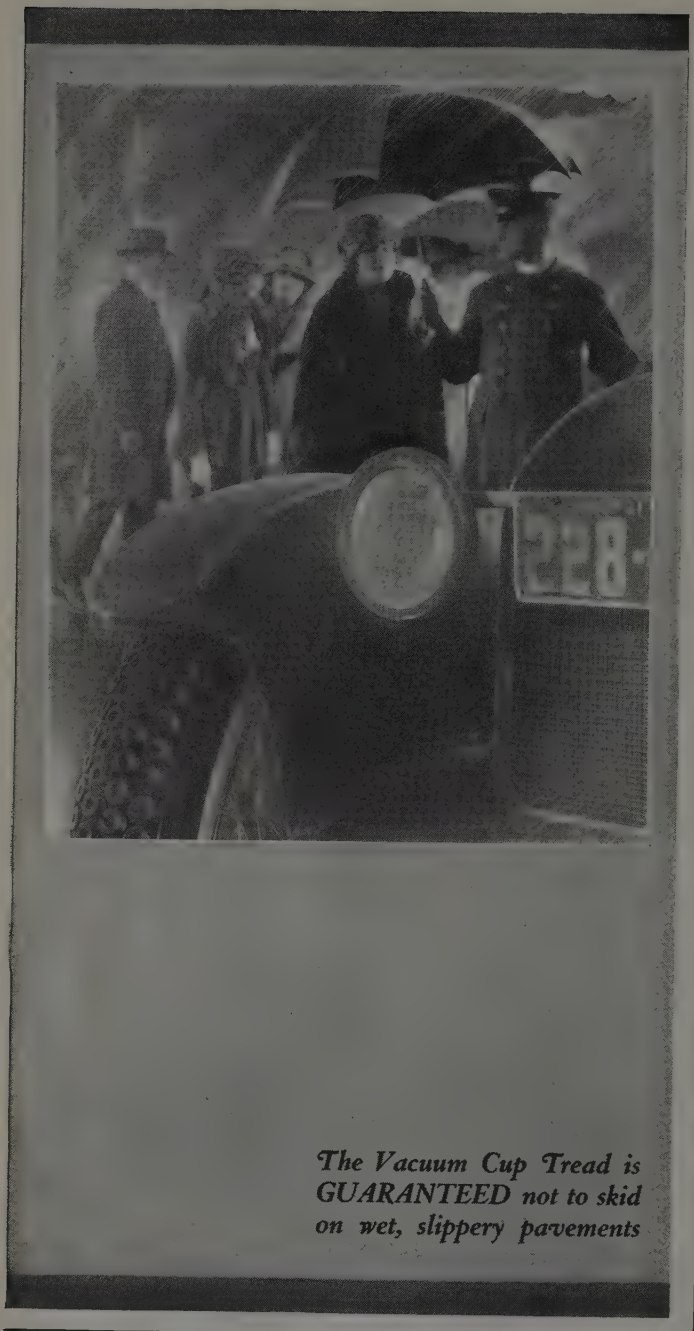
AS a result of falls, strains, sprains, jars, mental or physical shocks, over-eating, sudden atmospheric changes, and many other things, some of the little bones comprising the spinal column may become slightly displaced. It is easy to understand, of course, how falls, strains or jars might produce this effect, but it may not be so apparent how atmospheric changes, over-eating, mental shocks and so on might do so. To understand this, it should be explained that the spinal column is held up by muscles, ligaments and tendons, and the influences just referred to often contract these tissues, thus pulling the spinal bones slightly out of place.

When, for any reason whatsoever, one or more of the little spinal bones become slightly displaced, nerves are pressed upon, pinched, or abnormally tensed. This interrupts the flow of nerve energy and causes functional disturbances. As a matter of exact fact, displacements of spinal bones do not actually pinch the nerves themselves, because each nerve is encased within a protecting envelope of tissue. What really happens is that the tissue is pressed against and, in its turn, presses against the nerve.

IF you study anatomy, you will find that nerves extending away from the spinal cord at particular places go to particular body parts. This means that if the spinal bones at one particular place become slightly displaced, trouble ensues in the stomach, because the normal supply of nerve energy is thus shut off from the stomach, and if other certain spinal bones become displaced, the lungs will suffer from lack of nerve force, and so on.

Since the science of chiropractic holds that perfect health is the direct result of the free and uninterrupted flow of vital or nerve energy to all parts of the body, the chiropractor examines the spinal columns of his patients, finds which of the little spinal bones are out of place, and then, by skilled and unique movements of the hands, sets the offending bones back into their proper place. Pressure and undue tension is thus removed from nerves, the nerve force flows unhampered and ill-health disappears. It sounds simple, and it is just as simple as it sounds. The chiropractor does not heal, treat or cure disease; he merely puts the physical machinery *en rapport*, and nature does the real work of correcting and making well.

THE chiropractor directs his efforts chiefly through and from the spine because, as has been said, at this point is a rich aggregation of nerves and also at this point the nerves are most likely to be pressed against or unduly tensed by bones. Theoretically, it is the business of the chiropractor to remove pressure



AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Franklin H. Sargent, President

The standard institution of dramatic education for thirty-three years

Detailed catalog from the Secretary

ROOM 172, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

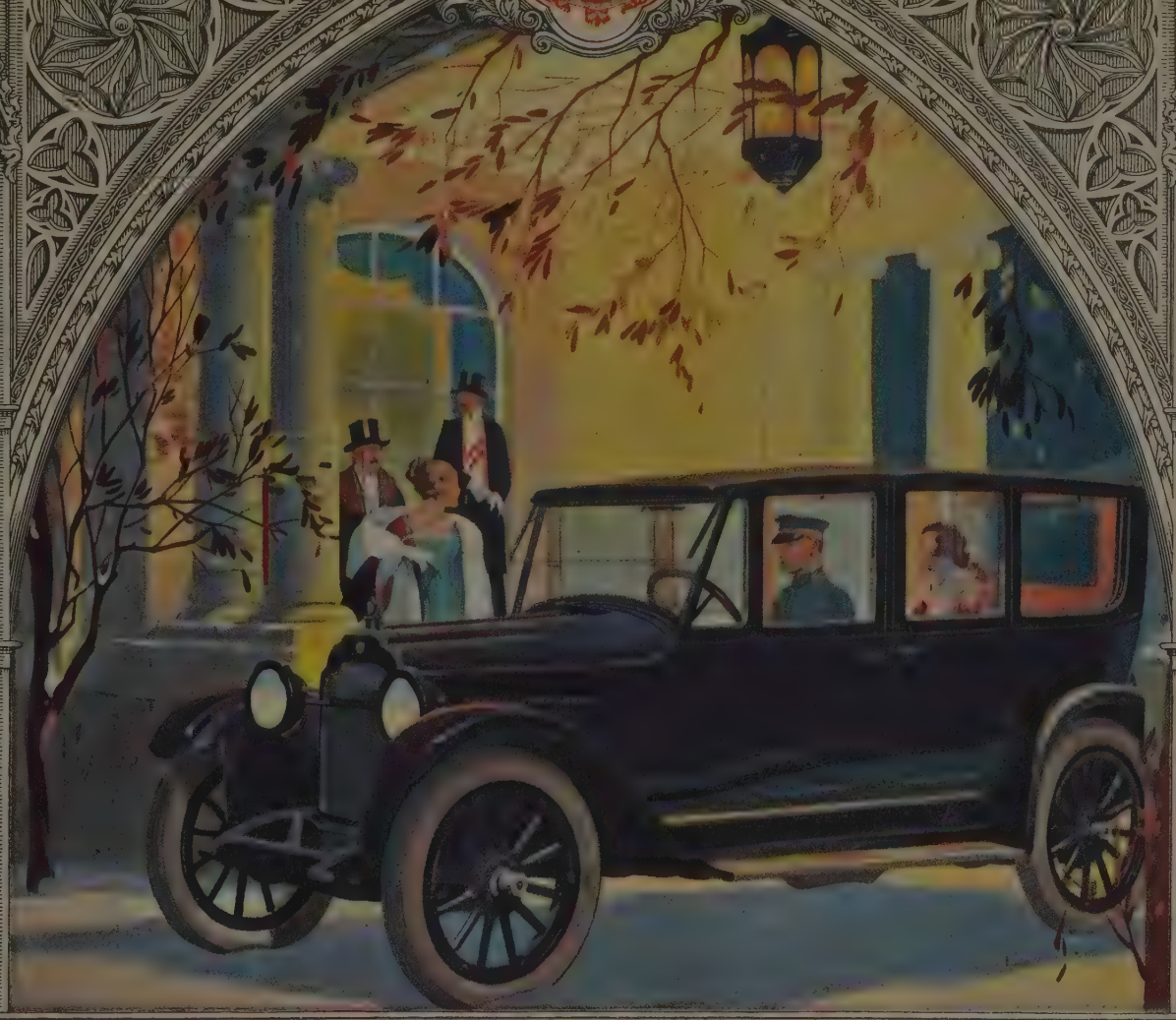
Connected with Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

A CHANGE IN PRICE

OF THE

Bound Volumes of THEATRE MAGAZINE

OWING to the increased cost of binding, the bound volumes for 1919, will be advanced to $10.00 per set, which includes two volumes to the year, fully indexed. If you have loose copies of 1919, in good condition, they may be returned and bound for $6.00 the year.



Entrance, British Embassy, Washington, D. C.

WILLYS-KNIGHT

THE owner of a Willys-Knight always knows what to expect from his sleeve-valve motor. Instead of deteriorating it *improves with use*. Its *only* change is a change for the *better*.

Dependable, quiet, smooth power is always at the owner's command. So perfect is its performance and so free from troubles, that he is almost unconscious that there is a mighty motor under the hood.

Owners of Willys-Knight cars naturally place a high valuation upon the fine coach work and luxurious appointments—but, more on the extraordinary advantage of owning cars that run *better* the *longer* they are driven.

Willys-Knight Booklet on request

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., *Toledo, Ohio*
WILLYS-OVERLAND, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

Willys Knight
SLEEVE-VALVE MOTOR
IMPROVES WITH USE

Cosmopolitan Productions

MARION DAVIES

When beauty and that subtle charm called screen personality are combined with well directed photoplay versions of stories by the world's greatest writers, they make for the highest form of entertainment.

THE DARK STAR — By Robert W. Chambers
Directed by Allan Dwan

THE CINEMA MURDER — By E. Phillips Oppenheim
Directed by Geo. D. Baker

APRIL FOLLY — By Cynthia Stockley
Directed by Robert Z. Leonard

And a Forthcoming Production

THE RESTLESS SEX — By Robert W. Chambers
Directed by Robert Z. Leonard

COSMOPOLITAN PRODUCTIONS
with MARION DAVIES

Paramount Artcraft, Pictures

(Concluded from page 228)

or tension from nerves at any place in the body where nerves are in close proximity to the bony structure, but in actual practice he concentrates his efforts chiefly upon the spinal column.

We see, then, that with the actor, chiropractic is a sort of double-action proposition. The scientific chiropractor not only removes the cause of disease in the body, but he also makes it possible for his actor-patient to properly express his personality when expression is hindered by some condition of ill-health remote from the brain, which is the controlling factor in personality expression.

The average person would be amazed at the real facts concerning displacements and improper position of spinal bones in the human spine. There is not a single person on earth whose spine is perfect. You may not be outwardly and actually sick—let us hope you are not—but your spine isn't quite normal. Such a thing is anatomically impossible. And if your spine isn't normal, the keen edge of your brain is just that much dulled and you are prevented in some measure from properly expressing your personality.

It is for this reason that more and more of those in the theatrical profession are every day turning toward chiropractic—not because they are outwardly and actually sick, but because they have discovered that chiropractic adjustments give them an added power to express personality upon the stage.

In most cases, the actor who is a chiropractic enthusiast does not know why he is enabled to make his personality felt across the footlights to better advantage—he merely knows that he is better able to do so. He attributes it to the fact that he "feels so well." As a matter of fact, he "feels so well" because his brain, as an integral part of his nerve system, is relieved from undue strain. And with the brain clear and active and unhampered, expression of personality becomes easy. His brain seems to be "well oiled," so to speak. It "runs" smoothly, without friction or grinding.

Chiropractic adjustments have proven their efficiency in numberless instances in helping those of the theatrical profession to express their personality upon the stage. Chiropractic does not provide the personality itself; it merely makes the expressing of it easy and natural. When the patron of the theatre buys a seat, he is "buying" the personality of the actors. Chiropractic sees to it that the theatre patron gets his money's worth.

Furs
SUPERIOR IN QUALITY
DISTINCTIVE IN STYLE

Annual Reduction

20% Discount on Entire Stock

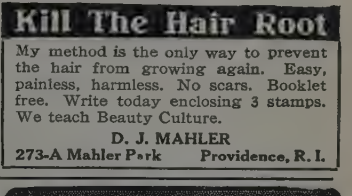
C. G. Gunther's Sons
391 Fifth Avenue
Furriers exclusively for ninety-nine years

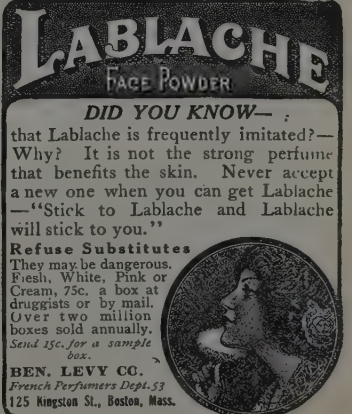
Amateur Producers and Players

The Editor of the Amateur Theatricals Department will be glad to receive for possible publication in the Amateur Department of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, photographs and articles concerning plays and pageants given by high schools, clubs or dramatic societies throughout the country.

Address

EDITOR, AMATEUR THEATRICALS DEPARTMENT
THEATRE MAGAZINE





CONSIDERATION for the comfort and pleasure of others in the audience should always prompt you to guard against coughing in the theatre. A box of S-B Cough Drops will avoid such unnecessary annoyance, for they relieve coughing Pure. No drugs. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach.

Drop that Cough

SMITH BROTHERS *of Poughkeepsie*

FAMOUS SINCE 1847

For sheen and softness

Shampooing regularly with PACKER'S TAR SOAP protects the health of the scalp and brings out the beauty of the hair.

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Cake and Liquid

B. F. Keith's **PALACE** The Million Dollar Theatre

BROADWAY and 47th STREET, NEW YORK

THE LEADING **VAUDEVILLE** HOUSE OF THE WORLD

AND PREMIER MUSIC HALL

Those who love distinction and luxury will find the appointments of this theatre completely to their liking. In the bills presented there's a dash of everything worth while in theatricals. The best that the Operatic, Dramatic, Concert, Comedy and Vaudeville stages can offer, blended by experts in entertainment.

DAILY MATINEES, 25c, 50c, and Best Seats 75c.
EVENINGS, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, $1.00 and $1.50

© Mishkin

Orville Harro who ceorsd a t umph as Rodo in "La Bohem at the Metropoli

THE MUSICAL DIGEST

By CHARLES D. ISAACSON

A CERTAIN magazine with a name similar to my title, has acquired the habit of condensing the world's opinions of its own misbehavior and achievements, into a page. Following the style of our esteemed contemporary, we have compiled a resumé of the first thirty days of the new year, according to the Apollonian calendar, which has to do with music and sweet sounds.

The saddest news: The death of Reginald de Koven, America's distinguished composer, whose "Robin Hood" is the best light opera we ever produced, and which will rank with the Gilbert and Sullivan scores in history; noted critic, society man, fighter for American music, whose new opera, "Rip Van Winkle," was a marvelous success in Chicago. It was just after a performance of the new work, at a reception being given to de Koven, as he seemed to be smiling at the guests, that he was carried off.

And Maud Powell, première woman-violinist of our day and land, died on tour, with her fighting clothes on. She was an artist whose memory will ever be green, with those who were privileged to hear her.

The funniest thing: Guido Ciccolini of the Chicago Opera Company, was married for the third time—to the same wife.

THEN, too, "Battling Mike" Ragini, hero of the pugilistic ring, has thrown up the sponge and entered music. As a very good singer, he made his début and didn't miss any opportunity to put a punch into his songs.

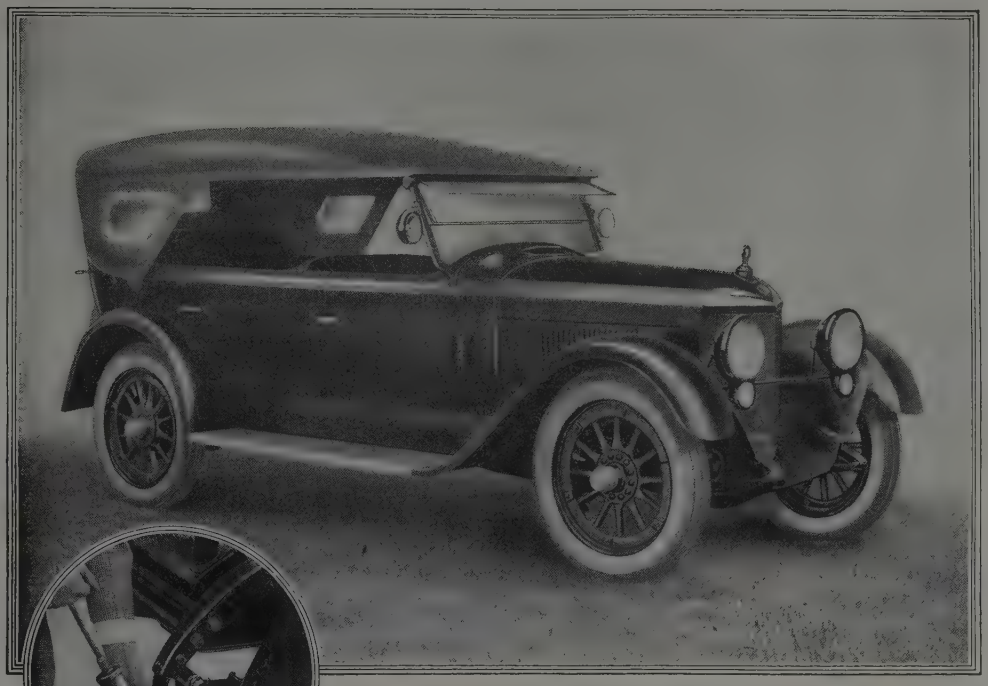
The most significant news: Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein has decided to enter the operatic field. Bearing the Hammerstein name and traditions, surrounded by the old guard of advisers to the indomitable Oscar, and now allied with Fortune Gallo, that intrepid and forceful impressario, it looks as though the announcement foreshadows some e traordinary happenings. The goo looking youngish woman has tak over the Manhattan Opera Hous and she plans the season of the Gal Opera Company, followed by the a pearance of visiting companies, o of which will doubtless be S Thomas Beecham's organization fro Covent Garden, London. The way being cleared, an Oscar Hamme stein Memorial Fund is being raise and operatic circles are watching f the next move.

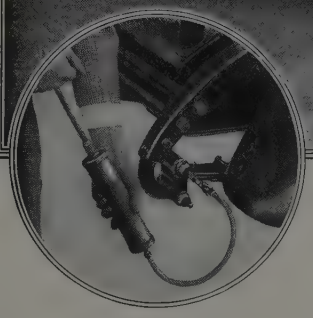
THE most startling news: Mich Dvorsky isn't! That is to say, t composer who appeared like meteor in the musical world, su rounded by mysterious atmospher of distance and other peculiaritie just doesn't exist. He is the fancif creation of Josef Hofmann, t pianist, who took the *nom de plum* that he might hear an unbiased opi ion from the critics of his compos tions.

The novelty of the month: Mich Fokine and Vera Fokina, the form the creator of the Russian ballet, an the latter the *première danseuse* the Russian ballet, made their fir and only appearance in America (a announced) followed by other su cessful appearances. Too much wa expected, because Fokine taught a the great Russian dancers that w know; but a great teacher need n be a great interpreter himsel Nevertheless, he made a profoun sensation, which was second only t the marvelous thrill which the beau tiful Vera Fokina provided, in "Th Dying Swan."

The Opera of the month: In th midst of the Maeterlinckian lectur tragedy, the "Blue Bird" was give its world première at the Metropol tan. M. Wolff, in the conductor box, heard his opera interpreted b a cast which must have pleased hi a little better than some of the critic felt about the music. Personally, th impression left by a single hearin

(*Continued on page* 232





In Premier the spring eyes are fitted with floating Clemmons bushings and equipped with Alemite lubricating system—more positive in results than either gravity type oilers or finger operated grease cups. A few turns of the Alemite Compressor handle makes the whole job of lubricating the car a clean, simple and easy operation.

THIS NEW aluminumized Premier is presented in direct competition with the finer type of European car, on the assumption that it is: More correct in point of engineering; more efficient in operation; more elegantly simple in its appointments; more appealingly beautiful and more socially distinctive.

Finally, from a strictly monetary standpoint, it is a far better buy—Premier, completely equipped, sells for less than the price of a European chassis alone.

PREMIER

MOTOR CORPORATION

INDIANAPOLIS····U S A

THE ALUMINUM SIX WITH MAGNETIC GEAR SHIFT

A HISTORY OF THE THEATRE IN AMERICA

By ARTHUR HORNBLOW

The only complete history of our stage from its beginnings to the present time.

"Should be in every Library."
—*Life.*

"A magnificent piece of work that will last for all time."
—DAVID BELASCO.

"An important work, with the flavor of interesting romance."
—N. Y. *World.*

"I was up until 2 A. M. reading your History. What an interesting panorama of events and very vividly presented."
—DANIEL FROHMAN.

"A sincere and careful History—a most valuable piece of work."
—DR. FRANK CRANE in N. Y. *Globe.*

"Rich in material that still lives among the most delightful of my memories."—JAMES L. FORD in N. Y. *Herald.*

"Belongs on the shelf of every dramatic critic, professional and amateur."—N. Y. *Times.*

"A veritable mine of humor and human incident. Enough quotable material to fill a dozen of our issues."—*Outlook*, N. Y.

"A conscientious, well made and convenient summary of the recorded facts in the theatrical history of the United States. Is sure to find its place on many library shelves."
—JOHN RANKEN TOWSE in N. Y. *Evening Post.*

AT ALL BOOK STORES

With 190 Illustrations. Two vols. 700 Pages. $10.00 a set

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from page 230)

of the score is that it is not a masterpiece. It is good; it is worthy of being in the operatic repertoire, but it is far below the other Maeterlinck opera, "Pelleas and Melisande." In Debussy's music, one feels that the notes are an incense and a coloring; in the "Blue Bird" the notes are a setting. With Maeterlinck I do not feel arias as such. I want my music to be atmospheric. However, M. Wolff, having written his score between his other duties as a fighter in the World War, had a different impression.

The Second Opera of the month: "Zaza," which Mrs. Leslie Carter once used as her *pièce de resistance*, in which she had ample opportunities to display her emotional virility—has come to the Metropolitan in the music of the late Leoncavallo. Just as "Zaza" belonged to Mrs. Carter forever and ever, so the opera will be Farrar's. It is a star-opera par excellence, and Farrar is here offered the acting opportunities of her life.

The Light Opera of the month: Hinshaw has gone and done it. "Ruddigore" of Gilbert and Sullivan has been resurrected by the American Singers' Opera Company, and proved itself the finest and funniest musical show in New York. It is a satire on spiritualism and the other hazy isms which, coming with the Maeterlinck and Lodge lectures, is nothing if not timely.

Digest of the Violinistic Music

I HEARD a newcomer to America, though an American by birth. She is called Helen Teschner-Tas, and I was inclined to say, "The Queen is dead, long live the Queen!"—for Maud Powell had just passed away and Teschner-Tas had just appeared. She has scholarship; she has the gift of classic insight, and she can make a Bach *Chaconne* a thing of supremely melting sweetness, without robbing it of its vigor and churchly purity. Another lady, Madeline MacGuigan, showed that she possesses temperament and is entitled to a marked indication of a successful first appearance.

Eddy Brown was soloist at one of Gretchen Dick's American series at the Manhattan Opera House. Sascha Jacobsen is the dark horse in American violinistic circles—I'm certain that he will be the substantial man long after many more meteoric figures have flashed across the horizon.

A young lass, Ruth Kemper, highly praised by Ysaye, and soloist with him, not quite ready for the concert stage. A red-haired, statuesque artist, Alix Y. Maruchess, played her way into the graces of her audience. There is a young boy, Leon Goldman by name, who is en route to a great career. He is fourteen, he is playing without sensational announcements, and the day is not far distant when he will be ready to meet and compete with the be of the youngsters.

The Voices of the Singers

WELCOME, George Hamlin. Th distinguished American ten drew himself out of the obscurity o his busy studios, and gave a recit which made his audience wonder wh he was so sparing of his vocal pearl Singers ought to study the Hamli program-architecture. He is draughtsman of the first rank; h makes climaxes and he makes dra matic pauses!

First of the month's singers among the women, I would plac Leonora Sparkes, who might be de scribed as a parcel of charm, with voice that is purity personified. Sh sings gloriously and interprets he songs with a prodigality of voice an manner which spurs the imagination of her listeners to better thinkin and feeling. I do not put her firs because she is the best singer. No indeed, there were Destinn an Fremstad. But Sparkes has such a manner about her, that her recitals are a delight. Ethel Frank and a group of Boston Symphony mer made a memorable recital. Ine Barbour, the wife of Henry Hadley faced a large audience and convinced them that she is an artist who deserves the widest kind of recognition.

Singers in the digest: Eva Gauthier lavishing her art on a mere handful of people; Alice Moncrieff with a good, substantial, sympathetic contralto voice; the gentle Phoebe Crosby; Helene Kanders, Margaret Ringo, Sydney Thompson; Cecil Arden developed into an especially good interpreter of songs—especially those of her teacher, Buzzi-Peccia.

We had the good fortune to hear Lambert Murphy with the subtle voice and untold wealth of beautiful tones; Victor Golibart, a man who can sing not so perfectly as others with better voice, but a tenor with a brain and a method of injecting soul into songs of intellectuality.

Olive Fremstad, greeted after an absence of two or three years, found herself in the midst of an affectionate crowd of lovers and well-wishers. Singers are sensitive creatures—Fremstad was moved, and sang to her audience with the glories of her sumptuous voice, now under the perfect control of her fine discriminating powers of interpretation.

Inca Music and Other Kinds

INCA music from Peru! Some day I hope to hear the Corybantian dances and perhaps the Ceresian music of Eleusia; perhaps we will be treated to the fretful twang of the vina or the imperial chants of inner China. However, one Carlos Valderama performed the interesting Peruvian songs and dances and traditional melodies . . . Less understandable and hence more appreciated, some

(Continued on page 234)

"I'd like to see it right over again"

TO make you say *that* it's got to be a pretty good picture. But these better pictures are not so rare as they used to be. You've noticed that.

More and more often you run across them. Genuine portrayals of human virtues and ventures and follies and perils that are all the more fascinating and thrilling because so clipped-from-life, as it were.

The kind of motion picture that carries you off like an aeroplane—and you've no desire to get back to earth till the journey's end.

The kind—as you've probably noticed also—that bears the brand name Paramount.

In every Paramount Artcraft Picture, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation recognizes no limits on the scenes but the earth. No limits on the machinery but machinery. No limits on the cost but money. No limits on the cast but artists. No limits on the plot but clean, new and thrilling.

And that's what brings the *encores* from you!

Paramount Pictures

Latest Paramount Artcraft Features

[Released to March 1st

Billie Burke *in* "Wanted—A Husband"
Irene Castle *in* "The Amateur Wife"
Marguerite Clark *in* "All of a Sudden Peggy"
Ethel Clayton *in* "Young Mrs. Winthrop"
"The Copperhead" With Lionel Barrymore
Cosmopolitan Production "The Cinema Murder"
Cosmopolitan Production "The Miracle of Love"
Cecil B. deMille's Production "Male and Female"
"Everywoman" With All-Star Cast
Elsie Ferguson *in* "Counterfeit"
George Fitzmaurice's Production "On With the Dance"
Dorothy Gish *in* "Turning the Tables"
D. W. Griffith's Production "Scarlet Days"
*Wm. S. Hart *in* "John Petticoats"
Houdini *in* "The Grim Game"
"Huckleberry Finn" With All-Star Cast
Vivian Martin *in* "His Official Fiancee"
Wallace Reid *in* "Double Speed"
"The Teeth of the Tiger" With David Powell
Maurice Tourneur's Production "Victory"
George Loane Tucker's Production "The Miracle Man"
Robert Warwick *in* "The Tree of Knowledge"
*Supervision Thomas H. Ince
Bryant Washburn *in* "The Six Best Cellars"

Thomas H. Ince Productions

Enid Bennett *in* "The Woman in the Suitcase"
Dorothy Dalton *in* "Black Is White"
Ince Supervised Special "Behind the Door"
Ince Supervised Special "Dangerous Hours"
Douglas MacLean & Doris May *in* "Mary's Ankle"
Charles Ray *in* "Red-Hot Dollars"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedies
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies
Paramount-De Haven Comedies

Paramount Short Subjects

Paramount Magazine *Issued weekly*
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures *Issued weekly*

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, Pres. JESSE L. LASKY, Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE, Director General
NEW YORK

ARTCRAFT PICTURES

IN all the countries of the world there is none so known and so beloved as

PEARL WHITE

NOW presented in a screen play worthy of her great talents

The WHITE MOLL

by Frank L. Packard, author of "The Miracle Man," and other successes.

To be followed by wonder stories as

FOX ENTERTAINMENTS.

FOX FILM CORPORATION

WILLIAM FOX, *President*

RIVERSIDE PRESS, NEW YORK

Go to a Legitimate Dealer and Get a Legitimate Tire

THIS year the American people will spend more than $900,000,000 for automobile tires.

Tires are one of the largest items in the motorist's budget.

The cost is making even careless buyers think and inquire.

And the more they inquire, the smaller will grow the influence of hearsay and the irresponsible tire dealer.

* * *

We have all met the man who takes his opinions ready-made.

He tells everything he knows. He knows more about every car than the man who made it, where to buy the cheapest truck—how to get the biggest bargain in tires.

He always arouses a certain amount of wonder in the unknowing. They never think to ask him where he gets his secrets.

Every time you drive your car along a track or a rut in a country road you are taking some life out of your tires.

Worn frogs and switches often cause small cuts, which are rapidly enlarged by the action of gravel and moisture. Ruts and track slots pinch the tire, wearing away the tread where their edges strike it.

It is well to avoid such places as much as possible.

"Somebody says" and "everybody does" are responsible for more wrong impressions about tires than anything else you can think of.

It is on the people who come under the influences of these phrases that the irresponsible dealer thrives.

* * *

You generally find him with the name of a standard tire displayed in his windows to give an impression of quality.

But when you get inside the first thing he begins to talk about is price and substitution.

What the thoughtful motorist is looking for today is *better* tires.

He goes to a legitimate dealer and gets a legitimate tire.

The *quality* idea—the idea of a quality tire, of a dealer who believes in quality—is commanding a greater respect from a larger portion of the motoring public all the time.

It is the idea on which the United States Rubber Company was founded—on which it has staked a greater investment than any other rubber organization in the world.

Build a *tire* that will *do more, a better tire than was built before,* and you are sure of a large and loyal following.

We have never been able to build enough U. S. Tires to go around.

United States Tires

United States Rubber Company

Fifty-three Factories — The oldest and largest Rubber Organization in the World — Two hundred and thirty-five Branches

PAINTED FOR LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

MOST doctors, as every one knows, are smokers. But the doctor's cigar, in recent years, has given place very largely to the milder, more convenient cigarette.

And doctors realize—no doubt more quickly than the rest of us—that a straight Turkish cigarette is over-rich and heavy as compared with Fatima's "just enough Turkish" blend.

During the war, for example, Fatima was the largest selling cigarette among the thousands of physicians and surgeons in training at the Medical Officers' Training Camps.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

Brett Litho. Co.

MALLINSON'S PUSSY WILLOW MALLINSON'S INDESTRUCTIBLE VOILE

MALLINSON'S KHAKI-KOOL MALLINSON'S CHINCHILLA SATIN MALLINSON'S ROSHANARA CREPE

MALLINSON'S PUSSY WILLOW SATIN MALLINSON'S INDESTRUCTIBLE CREPE MALLINSON'S RUFF-A-NUFF

At the races in
HAVANA
jewel of the West Indies—
winter visitors enrich and enliven
all meets with their individual
dress—invariably fashioned in
the beautiful

MALLINSON'S
Silks de Luxe

DEW-KIST PUSSY WILLOW
INDESTRUCTIBLE VOILE
In plain colors and new prints
KUMSI KUMSA CHINCHILLA SATIN THISLDU
NEWPORT CORD DREAM CREPE
FISHER MAID KHAKI KOOL KLIMAX SATIN
ROSHANARA CREPE
(All trade-mark names)

By the yard at the best Silk Departments—in women's apparel at the better Garment Departments and Cloak Shops

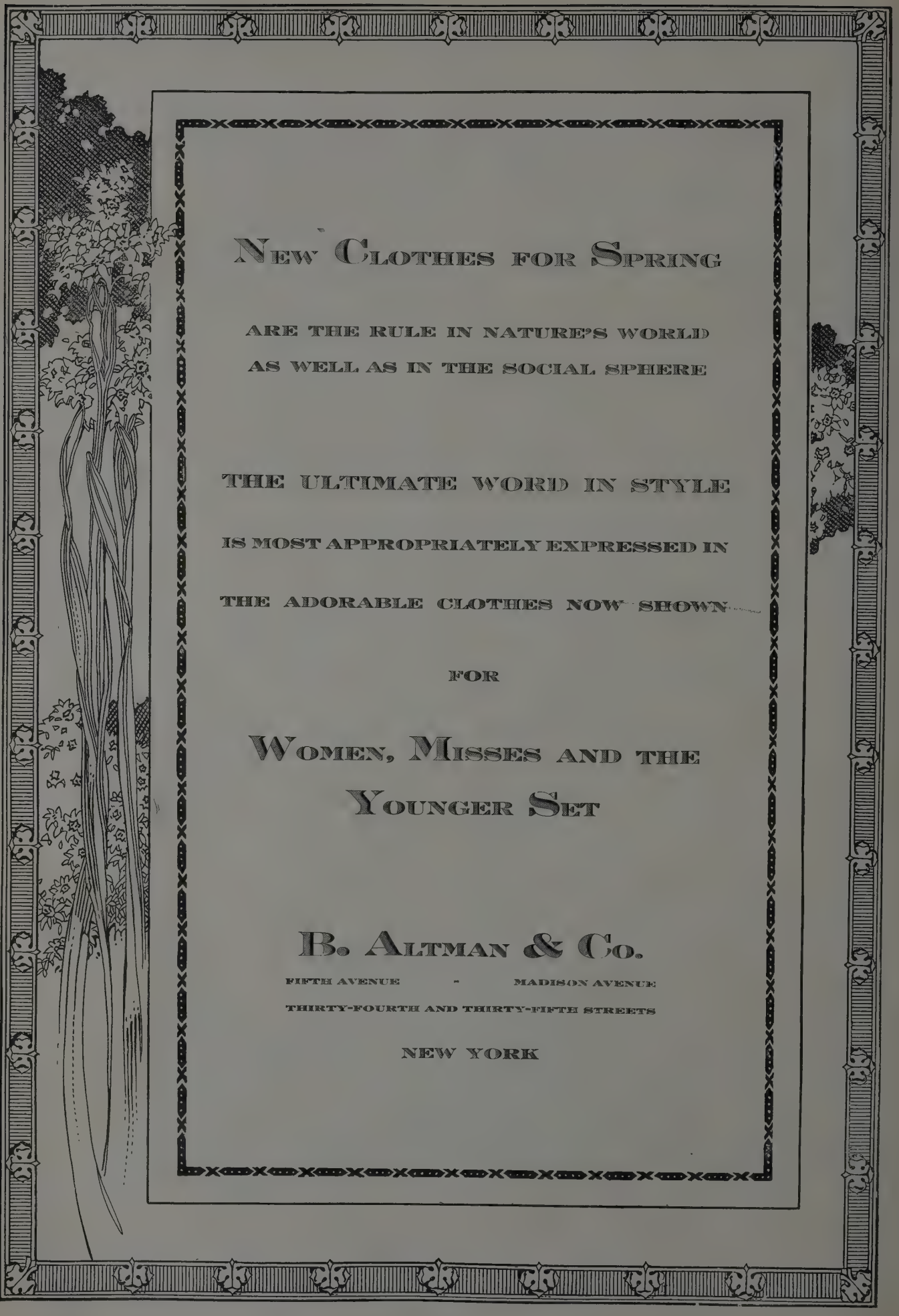
Look for the name MALLINSON on the selvage

H. R. MALLINSON & COMPANY, Inc.
"The New Silks First" NEW YORK

Dorothy Dalton of Aphrodite fame
always a winner in this
Klimax Satin and Indestructible Voile
costume designed by H. C. Schroeder

MALLINSON'S DEW-KIST MALLINSON'S KUMSI-KUMSA MALLINSON'S DREAM CREPE

THEATRE MAGAZINE is published on the twenty-eighth of each month by Theatre Magazine Company, 6 East 39th Street, New York. SUBSCRIPTIONS for the United States, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, $4.00 a year in advance. Entered as second-class matter Aug. 3, 1917, at the Post Office, N. Y., under the act of Mar. 3, 1879



New Clothes for Spring

ARE THE RULE IN NATURE'S WORLD
AS WELL AS IN THE SOCIAL SPHERE

THE ULTIMATE WORD IN STYLE
IS MOST APPROPRIATELY EXPRESSED IN
THE ADORABLE CLOTHES NOW SHOWN

FOR

Women, Misses and the Younger Set

B. Altman & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE - MADISON AVENUE
THIRTY-FOURTH AND THIRTY-FIFTH STREETS

NEW YORK

Traditions of Georgian Days at the Hampton Shops

THIS delightfully livable morning room with its glimpse of a breakfast porch and garden beyond, reflects the influence of the late eighteenth century designers and is a harmonious setting; both for the delicate satinwood furniture by Sheraton and for the more luxurious adaptations which meet the needs of today.

At the Hampton Shops you will find a collection of fine antiques representative of every worth-while decorative phase as well as the Hampton fac-similes which are worthy of their originals not only in design and coloring, but also in that integrity of construction and perfection of handwork which gave intrinsic value to the pieces handed down by Chippendale.

This collection, assembled with suitable textiles and accessories, offers full scope for expressing the preferences and personalities of our patrons, while the discriminating knowledge of the Hampton decorators is at your command in the arrangement of a grouping, or in planning and carrying out the complete interior of your home.

Hampton Shops

18 East 50th Street
facing St. Patrick's Cathedral
New York

Decoration · Antiquities · Furniture

STEINWAY

The Instrument of the Immortals

IN those homes where the compositions of the Immortals are known and loved and kept living—where fine music is daily food for the soul—there you will find the Steinway. It is but natural that this, the piano of the Immortals—the choice of such men as Liszt and Wagner and Gounod—should be also the choice of those who know and love and cherish their music.

STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall, 107-109 E. 14th Street, New York

Subway Express Stations at the Door

Morning Glory
REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE SILK INCOMPARABLE FOR UNIVERSAL WEAR
In variety of colors, plain or in design, Morning Glory radiates true loveliness from a background of service. In afternoon and street dresses, in linings or howso ever used, Morning Glory veils the fact of utility behind the air of a specialty fabric.
Qualifies Through Service
Appeals Through Beauty
Berfelden Mills
MAKERS OF
Morning Glory, Honeymoon Satin
Airy Fairy, Friendship Taffeta
390 Fourth Ave., New York

L. P. Hollander Co.

ESTABLISHED 1848

Gowns *Suits* *Coats* *Wraps*
Furs *Millinery* *Blouses* *Lingerie*

Misses and Children's Clothing

FIFTH AVENUE *at* 46TH STREET *New York*

BOYLSTON STREET Boston

THEATRE MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1920

TWENTY years old—or twenty years young, we might better say, for the THEATRE MAGAZINE, like Peter Pan, will never grow old.

A glance through its back numbers reminds the middle-aged of the time when they were young. It recalls to those still in their teens that first wonderful visit to the theatre. A storehouse of charming memories, of tears and sighs, of love and laughter, the THEATRE MAGAZINE, in its twenty years of publication, unfolds a story of the best in the American theatre.

And—we're going to give a Birthday Party to all our friends to celebrate our twenty years of existence.

This is your invitation to be present. So come one and all!

Our Special Gala Number contains all the surprises. You'll enjoy every one of them, but just to give you a taste we'll tell you of a few. They are all in the May issue!

Avery Hopwood, one of the most successful of American *farceurs*, has endeared himself to theatre-goers with his plays "The Gold Diggers" and "Nobody's Widow."

To our special May number he contributes "Two Theatrical Memories"—true, human tales of incidents in his career. Written in his inimitable style, with a tear close to the smile, this little birthday present which he has given to us will surely be enjoyed by all our readers.

And Blanche Bates has contributed a poem!

It's a charming one, too, that this popular actress has written.

It's title—"Twice Ten Year's. We shall illustrate it with the Blanche Bates of yesterday and the Blanche Bates of today.

A page that you're sure to frame.

"Twenty Years of Theatre-going!"

Imagine having been present at all the first nights for twenty years.

A critic of discernment and real knowledge of the stage, has written a retrospect for the May issue that is replete with interesting theatrical incidents and memories.

First nights that stirred the most hardened theatre-goers, first nights that were last nights—all, all are covered!

The successes of the past twenty years—the plays that had record runs in our theatres, made millions for their producers and given pleasure to millions of theatre-goers!

Pictures of them all—"The Lion and the Mouse,' "The Merry Widow," "The Music Master," "Bought and Paid For," "Kismet"—a unique pictorial feature for our Birthday Issue!

Do you remember the chorus in the time of the famous Floradora Sextette?

It's changed considerably, hasn't it?

The present Ziegfeld beauty is not much like her sister of twenty years ago.

Ned Wayburn, the chorus king, writes on "The Chorus Girl—old and new" in the May number. His article will be illustrated, too, with a rare picture of the original Floradora Sextette.

David Belasco, our master producer, is also represented.

He writes of "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow." A thought of yesterday, a word of today, and a prophesy of tomorrow, he gives us in one of the best articles in our Birthday package of surprises for our readers.

IN THIS ISSUE

SHIRLEY MASON	*Cover*	
IRENE BORDONI	*Frontispiece*	
WHAT IS AN AUDIENCE?	*Walter Hartwig*	246
THE VIRTUES OF THE MODERN THEATRE	*Philip Wood*	248
THE MAETERLINCKS—full page of pictures		249
THEIR GREAT LOVE MATCH	*Ada Patterson*	250
LIONEL BARRYMORE—full page portrait		253
SINGING AND DANCING TO SUCCESS—full page of portraits		254
PROMISING CANDIDATES FOR STARDOM—full page of portraits		255
FIRST AID TO FIRST NIGHTERS	*Estelle Hamburger*	256
MEN WHO STAND FOR THE BEST IN THE THEATRE—full page of portraits		257
PROMINENT PLAYERS IN NEW OFFERINGS		258
NANCE O'NEIL—full page portrait		259
THE JEWISH ART THEATRE	*Walter A. Lowenberg*	260
PERSONALITIES IN AND ABOUT THE THEATRE—*full page of pictures*		261
ARTISTS WHO PROVE THAT MUSIC HATH CHARMS—full page of portraits		262
RUTH FINDLAY—full page portrait		263
PERSONALITY PORTRAITS—Eugene O'Neill, *Alta May Coleman*		264
"JANE CLEGG"—full page of scenes		265
GRACEFUL FOLLOWERS OF TERPSICHORE—full page of pictures		266
CHRYSTAL HERNE—full page portrait		267
YOUTH AND BEAUTY ON BROADWAY—full page of portraits		268
MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY		269
"The Cat-Bird," "Jane Clegg," "He and She," "The Wonderful Thing," "Sacred and Profane Love," "The Tragedy of Nan," "Shavings," "George Washington," "Tick-Tack-Toe," "Sophie," "The Hottentot," "Look Who's Here," etc.		
STARS IN THE RECENT PLAYS		271
THE STAGE AS A CAREER FOR WOMEN	*Jane Cowl*	274
PLAYS OF ALL TYPES ON BROADWAY—full page of scenes		275
THEATRE THOUGHTS	*Harold Seton*	276
MOTION PICTURE SECTION		277
AMATEUR THEATRICALS		282
THE PROGRAMME OF FASHION	*Pauline Morgan*	286

LOUIS MEYER, PAUL MEYER
Publishers
ARTHUR HORNBLOW
Editor
FREDERICK E. ALLARDT
Director of Circulation

THEATRE MAGAZINE IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, 6 EAST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK. HENRY STERN, PRESIDENT; LOUIS MEYER, TREASURER; PAUL MEYER, SECRETARY. SINGLE COPIES ARE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS; FOUR DOLLARS BY THE YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES, ADD $1.00 FOR MAIL; CANADA, ADD 85c.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

If you change your address, we must ask that you notify us not later than the tenth of the month, otherwise the next issue will go to your old address and we cannot replace it.

THE PUBLISHERS.

GORHAM SILVERWARE

It is a fine but a sound distinction that there is a wide difference between putting money out for something and putting money into something which you will always have.

THE GORHAM COMPANY

Silversmiths & Goldsmiths

FIFTH AVENUE AT 36TH STREET

17-19 MAIDEN LANE